

## ST. ROBERT BELLARMINE

### DOCTOR OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH

ONE of the fine instincts of human nature is to venerate pioneers, men who started great movements or championed great causes which their fellows regarded as impossible or forlorn. So it is that we delight to honour from century to century, the Columbuses, the Washingtons, the Faradays, the Listers, the Wagners of history; and that the Christian Church, with still greater reason, holds in peculiar reverence those early writers and teachers of holy life who valiantly maintained "the faith once delivered to the saints" when persecution or heretical attack threatened its existence. They are the "Fathers of the Church." As time passed and Christianity came more fully into its own, certain of these Fathers were singled out for further distinctive honour. In the writings of our English St. Bede four of them, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Jerome are styled not only Fathers but Doctors of the Church. The fitness and rightness of this new title gradually impressed itself on the mind of Western Christendom, until in 1298 it was given its formal liturgical and canonical sanction by Pope Boniface VIII. A parallel development had taken place in the East with regard to St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. John Chrysostom, with whom, for the sake of symmetry, beloved of the mediæval mind, but still more for his own indisputable merit, the Western Church associated the great St. Athanasius. It was not until the time of Pope St. Pius V., however, that the Greek Fathers were officially accorded the title of Doctor, on which occasion St. Thomas Aquinas was most appropriately ranked with the illustrious eight. Twenty years later, 1588, Pope Sixtus V. added St. Bonaventure to the list, and then it closed until St. Anselm, St. Leo the Great and two others were included, in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century brought the crowning honour to eight more, among whom were St. Bernard, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Bede. The Jesuit, St. Peter Canisius, who was declared a Doctor on the day of his canonization, May 21, 1925, raised the number to twenty-six, a picked company, indeed, among the thousands of saintly confessors.

All the Doctors except St. Peter Canisius have had to wait a considerable time after their canonization for the ultimate honour. St. Bernard had been raised to the altars 656 years before he received it, St. Thomas 244 years, and St. Francis de Sales 212 years. But now, within the last few weeks, a strange and very wonderful thing has happened, for the twenty-seventh Doctor to shine out in the Church's firmament is St. Robert Bellarmine of the Society of Jesus, a man who nine years ago was not even beatified. The usual means by which Doctors are proclaimed is a short decree of the Congregation of Rites, ordering the extension of the Saint's Mass and Office to the universal Church, the Mass being generally the special one reserved for Doctors, at which the Creed is said as on the feasts of the Apostles. But the Church's twenty-seventh Doctor was not proclaimed in that formal way. He has had the peculiar honour of a long Apostolic Letter, dated September 17th last, the three hundred and tenth anniversary of his death, in which our Holy Father, the Pope, dilates with sustained fervour and eloquence on St. Robert's sanctity and great learning, on the magnificent services rendered by him to the Church and the Apostolic See, and on the lessons which his selfless, heroic life hold for the Catholics of the twentieth century.

St. Robert died in 1621 and was not canonized until 1930, a delay which the Holy Father characterizes as "a special design of Divine Providence." Special design, indeed, it must appear to anyone who studies the fortunes of St. Robert's Cause during the past three hundred years. No Cause of any Saint in the Calendar is more full of surprises. Time and again it seemed that nothing could longer prevent his Beatification, yet not until 1923 did it become an accomplished fact. The Pope who raised him to the purple in 1599 declared that for learning he had "no peer in the Church of God." Still in his lifetime St. Francis de Sales and other holy ones, who knew what sanctity was, spoke of him as a saint. On the morrow of his death the people of Rome who had christened him "the new Poverello" almost created a riot in their efforts to touch his sacred remains, and eminent Cardinals declared solemnly that they considered him worthy to rank with St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, and all the most famous Fathers of the Church. These testimonies were echoed all over Europe by distinguished bishops, scholars, noblemen, and academic bodies, while such

great Popes as Urban VIII. and Benedict XIV. let it be known that they entirely agreed.

In 1675 the twenty-one very representative Consultors appointed by the Congregation of Rites voted unanimously that Cardinal Bellarmine had practised all the Christian virtues in a heroic degree, and the highly capable, exacting Promoter of the Faith, or "Devil's Advocate," Prosper Bottini, confessed that he found the evidence too strong for anything he could urge against it. Moreover, he declared that the wealth of medical testimony had completely satisfied him as to the genuineness of the two miracles which had been proposed. These same two miracles, dating from immediately after St. Robert's death, *were the identical ones on which he was beatified 248 years later.*

There are various partial explanations of that delay, one being that St. Robert was a Jesuit and consequently had leagued against him all the forces inimical to his Order. That explanation, however, does not go very far, since no such opposition made itself felt in the case of other Jesuit Saints. A much more convincing reason for the obstructive tactics may be discovered in some words of Cardinal Mermillod, spoken shortly after the Vatican Council:

He [Bellarmine], in whom the splendour of Christian holiness was combined with the most extraordinary learning, defended revealed truth, the authority of the Church, and the power and infallible prerogative of the Apostolic See with the strongest and weightiest argumentation. At the same time he confuted those heresies and errors especially whose evil consequences in their latest form were recently condemned by the Vatican Council. . . . To that same Council he was in very truth a light and guide by his books and teachings.

After those words it is not surprising to find that among St. Robert's worst detractors in the nineteenth century were Döllinger and his school, who even went to the trouble of bringing out a very learned, very biased edition of the Saint's *Autobiography* in the hope of damaging his credit. Earlier on, the foes of his fame were chiefly Gallicans, Jansenists, champions of the Divine Right of Kings and others united by the common bond of antipathy to the claims of the Holy See.

For St. Robert was before all things the Pope's man, "the chief vindicator and apologist of the Roman See, who by his

labours made clearer than ever the rights of the Pope arrogantly denied by heretics" (Decree of the Congregation of Rites, May 18, 1930). The hostility which rewarded those labours may certainly have retarded St. Robert's Cause, but they could hardly have retarded it so long, and we may well agree with the Holy Father that it was a special design of God's Providence which reserved for our own day the ultimate glorification of this great lover of the Papacy.

Our day has seen a new unfolding of Catholic devotion to the Pope, the development of a new relation more intimate, filial and affectionate than ever before. Within the Church and without, thoughtful minds are more and more inclining to recognize in the supranational character and influence of the Papacy the only real hope for the ills of a weary and divided world. Is it, then, far-fetched to think that, in an age desperately in quest of new loyalties, God should desire to inspire us by St. Robert's shining example, with an ever truer and heartier allegiance to the One set up by Him from the beginning as the Father of the souls of all mankind?

From the See of Peter [says St. Robert himself] the whole Church derives an infinite treasure of good things. Whence if not from this See were the men sent who brought the Gospel to Germany, to France, to England, and other far off countries? Where else but in this See did such bishops as Athanasius and Peter of Alexandria, Paul and Chrysostom of Constantinople, driven from their dioceses and fugitives on the face of the whole earth, receive help and protection? From what other source but this See do we possess the full flower of Christian teaching, the order of the Sacraments, and our partnership in indulgences? To omit other blessings whose enumeration would take too long, whence if not from this See came our agreement in doctrine, our bond of peace and our unity of faith which is salvation itself and the very life of religion?

From the age of thirty-five, when he began his famous lectures, *De Summo Pontifice*, at the Roman College, until the time when, in advanced old age as it was then reckoned, he again took up his pen to answer the anti-Papal treatises of the Scotsman, Barclay, and the Englishman, Widdrington, St. Robert's life was one long championship of the rights and prerogatives of the Holy See. His great duel with King



James of England drew the eyes of all Europe and made political history, while in France he had the honour of seeing his books publicly burned by the common hangman on the order of the semi-schismatical *Parlement* of Paris.

Probably the finest of St. Robert's many works is his treatise on the Pope contained in the first volume of his *Controversies*. THE MONTH, not being a technical journal, is hardly the place for a disquisition on those works, but a few general remarks may be permissible. The four great folios of the *Controversies* have been adjudged by such illustrious scholars as the Italian, Muratori, and the German, Hefele, "deserving in the highest degree of immortal renown." Some idea of the rapidity with which they became known and appreciated may be gained from two facts. They were first published at Ingolstadt in Bavaria during the seven years, 1586—1593. The following year, 1594, St. Francis de Sales began his wonderful mission in the Chablais and continued at it for five years, during all of which time, he announced to his friend Monseigneur de Villars, "j'ay presché sans autres livres que la Bible et ceux du grand Bellarmin." At the beginning of that same year, 1594, a worthy English Protestant squire, named Fynes Moryson, arrived in Rome. When Easter approached and the priests began to make their house to house calls Moryson became scared and decided to leave Rome in hot haste. But one risk he was determined to take, whatever it cost him. "I had an obstinate purpose to see Bellermine," he writes in his *Itinerary*, ". . . this man so famous for his learning and so great a champion of the Popes." As he well deserved, he not only saw but had a most friendly interview with St. Robert. One other item of evidence may be given here, as it is interesting and very little known. The greatest of Holland's poets, Joost van den Vondel, who also occupies a high place in world literature and from whom, according to Sir Edmund Gosse and other authorities, Milton borrowed a good deal of *Paradise Lost*, became a Catholic in late life, twenty years after St. Robert's death. His best work, *Altar Mysteries*, appeared in 1645. Before composing it, he made a profound study of St. Robert's six books on the Blessed Eucharist. The divisions and subdivisions of the long poem are the same as St. Robert's, and very often, especially in the third part, the Saint's sentences are translated bodily into the verse.

Limits of space preclude any further account of the amaz-

ing reception accorded to the *Controversies*, especially by the Protestants of England.<sup>1</sup> Bellarmine became almost a national institution in this island, found his way into rhymes and plays, and lent his venerable head for the decoration of household crockery. His great work was so received because friend and foe alike recognized in it a method, spirit and competence of such rare quality as no writer on theology has ever surpassed. Despite its simplicity of design, which is merely the exposition and defence of the ninth and tenth articles of the Apostles' Creed, the work embraces practically the whole of Catholic dogma. After a fine introductory treatise on *Scripture and Tradition* there follow, under the caption, "The Holy Catholic Church," six treatises on *Councils and the Church; Christ as Principal Head of the Church; the Pope, its Ministerial Head; the Members of the Church Militant, Clergy, Religious and Laity; the Church Suffering in Purgatory; the Church Triumphant, and the invocation of Saints, their relics, etc.* Under the general title, "The Communion of Saints," the Sacraments, which are the foundation of that communion, are discussed in general and particular, in five more treatises, the one on Penance being supplemented by a long excursus on indulgences. In this section the single treatise on the Eucharist and the Mass runs to 299,000 words, about the size of three large modern novels. Finally, the tenth article, "The Remission of Sins," leads to treatises on *the Grace of the First Man; the Loss of that Grace; its Recovery and the Relation between Grace and Free-will; Justification, and Good Works.*

The spirit of fairness with which St. Robert conducted his mighty debate in that age of passionate sectarian animosities may be gathered from the complaint of a Catholic critic that the *Controversies* were a positive repertory of Lutheran and Calvinist theology, while representative Protestants have themselves described his account of their opinions and arguments as "strikingly complete and faithful."

Not much need be said about the masterly competence of St. Robert's treatment. In the treatises on the Sacraments alone he cites textually and discusses 259 ecclesiastical writers, as well as 59 historians, philosophers and humanists. These were of his own choosing, for he knew the Fathers through and through, and so were the 671 different quota-

<sup>1</sup> The whole story is told in detail in *The Life and Work of Blessed Robert Bellarmine*, published in two volumes by Burns, Oates and Washbourne in 1928.

tions from practically every book in the Bible with which he supported his contentions in the first volume of the *Controversies*. Wherever required by the argument, these texts are given in the original Hebrew or Greek. St. Robert had become an excellent scholar in both languages by dint of hard private study, and even composed a Hebrew Grammar which enjoyed wide popularity. He was remarkably careful, for that age, not to force the meaning of texts. Unlike some people who are never happy except when squaring circles or prospecting for the Garden of Eden in Mesopotamia, if he could not solve a difficulty he left it alone. Thus he did in his treatise on *Grace and Free-will*, when dealing with the words of God to Cain: "If thou do well, shalt thou not receive? but if ill, shall not sin forthwith be present at the door? But the lust thereof shall be under thee and thou shalt have dominion over it." The text as it stands is obviously a prop to free-will, and as such St. Robert accepted it, because great Fathers and an army of eminent theologians had done so. But there is a serious difficulty, seized on by Calvin, as the Hebrew pronouns corresponding to "thereof" and "it" are masculine, while the Hebrew noun "sin" is feminine. St. Robert, like all scholars before and after him, was unable to solve the puzzle and so passed it over in silence. This non-committal attitude had the interesting consequence of causing one Doctor of the Church to appeal to a second Doctor of the Church to supply the deficiency of a third Doctor of the Church! Though the following letter has only an indirect bearing on the subject of this article the temptation to quote it is irresistible just for the sheer joy of bringing together in one document three such lovable contemporaries as Francis de Sales, Peter Canisius, and Robert Bellarmine:

"Thonon [on the Lake of Geneva], July 21, 1595.

Most Esteemed Father,

As you know so well, the splendour of virtue is a thing that no distance can dim and that renders those clothed in its brightness conspicuous and lovely to all who honour so much as its name. That is why I, an insignificant and obscure nobody, think that I need not plead excuses for venturing to write to you. For you are not unknown and obscure, you, if I may humbly say so, who have found your way to the hearts of all Christ's faithful on account of so many deeds and words and writings on Christ's behalf. It

is no wonder that you who have written so often to Christians of every condition should receive letters from many people on the sole score of their Christian profession. Since, then, I am not far away from you, separated, I understand, only by the Lake of Geneva, I thought I should do something not unpleasing to you and of immense future utility to myself if I were to approach you through the post, as I cannot do so in the flesh, for the purpose of putting questions to you from time to time about theological matters and difficulties and of receiving an occasional letter of instruction from you, according to your neighbourly charity. . .

Here I am now in my ninth month among the heretics, having been able in that time to gather only eight ears of corn for the Lord's granary, out of such a huge crop. . . Among them is Peter Poncet, an erudite lawyer who on the subject of heresy is far more learned even than the Calvinist minister of the place. When I observed in our talks that this man was somewhat influenced by the authority of the ancient writers I handed him your Catechism, with the opinions of the Fathers given in full in it by Busaeus. The perusal of this work led him from his error into the well-worn highway of the Ancient Church and at last he made his submission. For this favour, too, both he and I owe you our deepest gratitude.

A short time ago, when I was urging as an argument for free-will that text of Genesis iv., 'The lust thereof shall be under thee and thou shalt have dominion over it,' Poncet objected out of Calvin that the pronouns referred to Abel and not to the word 'sin,' making the sense be 'thou shalt have dominion over thy brother,' not over sin. The reason he gave, also on Calvin's authority, was that the pronouns are masculine in the Hebrew text whereas the word sin is feminine. I was not able to answer this difficulty, not even with the assistance of Bellarmine's illustrious *Controversies*, for when I looked them up I found that he did not touch at all on the enigma of masculine relatives going with a feminine noun. . .

As a mere unlearned and inexperienced tyro in these matters I beg for an interpretation of the Hebrew phrase from a most skilled and kindly master, basing my hopes on your readiness to help all your neighbours. For the rest, may God Almighty long preserve your venerable old age for His Church, and do you, I pray, hold me for your most devoted

humble servant and son in Christ, as I became some while ago to Fr. Antonio Possevino, of your Society.

Your servant in all humility,

FRANCIS DE SALES.

To the most esteemed and reverend  
Father in Christ, Father Peter Canisius  
of the Society of Jesus. At Fribourg."

St. Robert Bellarmine's titles to fame as a great theologian by no means rest exclusively on the *Controversies*. In that work and in his admirable *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis* he proved himself a great master of patristic or positive theology, but that he was hardly less proficient in scholastic theory is shown by his huge unpublished commentary on the *Summa* of St. Thomas which runs to no fewer than three thousand and forty pages. He also left behind him in manuscript a detailed commentary on the Hebrew text of Genesis, two stout volumes of sermons preached while he was Archbishop of Capua and several thousand letters. Among his published works there is room only to mention his historical treatise on the Holy Roman Empire, his incisive critique of the Lutheran Book of Concord which caused a great commotion in Germany, his work relating to the succession of Henry of Navarre, his book in defence of Dante's orthodoxy, his several writings in reply to Paolo Sarpi and the Venetian theologians, his answers to King James, to Barclay, to Widdrington, his large volume of Louvain sermons, his devotional and exegetical commentary on the Psalms, his explanation of the Creed and his world-famous short and longer Catechisms which were used quite literally "from China to Peru," as there are translations of them in the languages of both countries as well as in those of all the countries in between. Among the Saint's more directly spiritual works are the *Ascent of the Mind to God*, the *Eternal Happiness of the Saints*, the *Seven Words of Christ*, and the *Art of Dying Well*, all extremely popular in England during the penal times. Some of them were translated by Protestants, and the first-named, re-translated by an Anglican, was published again under Protestant auspices as recently as 1925. The original manuscripts of all of them except the last, together with the manuscripts of two other of St. Robert's spiritual works, written entirely in his own hand, are in the archives of the English Province of the Society of Jesus at Stonyhurst.

The list of St. Robert's learned writings given above, though far from complete, is sufficiently formidable, perhaps, to make people with no particular passion for theology doubt whether he is the Saint for them. Such a doubt would be completely unjustified, for he was the farthest in the world from being what we call a "highbrow." All who knew him well testified that simplicity in its amiable sense and child-like naturalness of manner were the chief notes of his character. He wrote his books and engaged in his literary contests, not because he liked that kind of thing but because the honour of God, which was all his philosophy, required it. For him as for his brother Jesuit and brother Doctor, St. Peter Canisius, the real triumph of life was to be sitting with children and simple people around him, telling them of the Kingdom of God. While Archbishop of Capua and afterwards as a Cardinal in Rome he absolutely spent and beggared himself for his poor. None who ever came to him went away empty-handed, even if he had to sell his bed or pawn his episcopal ring. He got himself into much trouble by his tireless advocacy of the cause of poor people, and it is astonishing to notice in his books how constantly he interpolates exhortations to almsgiving in the midst of quite different material. Like St. Francis of Assisi, on whose feast-days he was born and died and whose name he bore, he loved all living things and would go his rounds on foot rather than risk over-tiring his horses. He was very fond of music, and was both a good musician and a graceful poet. One of the most beautiful hymns in the Breviary is from his pen.

In the best of his portraits, made while he was still alive, his eyes are smiling. Indeed, it might be said that he smiled his way through life, in spite of constant ill-health, and he was famous for his puns and jokes. Fynes Moryson noticed that he had "a countenance not very grave," and Camus, who knew him well, records in his delightful *Spirit of St. Francis de Sales* that he was "d'humeur fort gaye." One Roman Cardinal confessed to having schemed and plotted in order to get beside him at consistories, "because I so revered him and used to derive such joy from the sweet affability and open-heartedness of his converse." Another, the Cardinal of Savoy, said: "His pleasant playful manner attracted me immensely, so I used to visit him very often, and no matter how long I stayed it seemed to me only a few

minutes, so great was the pleasure I took in his company." One of three characteristics which Cardinal de la Rochefoucault particularly noticed in him was "his unremitting self-denial in all things, joined with the most wonderful sweetness of manner, gaiety and affability in his dealings with others." But the best of the tributes is again from St. Francis de Sales, who once said to St. Robert apropos of the number of appeals which he received: "If all poor, distressed people run to you, you have only yourself to blame for choosing to be what you are."

Especially interesting to English Catholics ought to be his close connection with our martyrs and confessors, many of whom were his pupils and personal friends, and all of whom he supported so loyally and indefatigably in Rome. The little Christmas presents of "an English penknife and three small tooth-picks," which Father John Gerard of Tower of London fame sent him, indicate the sort of affectionate relations that bound the persecuted Catholics to their benefactor. In recent months the Gregorian University has published a large pamphlet on the subject of his dealings with the English martyrs.

St. Robert died as he had lived, full of the spirit "whose crown is meekness and its life, everlasting love unfeigned." His only anxiety was to give as little trouble as possible to others, and the only yearning of his child's heart was "to go home." When the end approached he was seen to look fixedly in one direction, smile and make great efforts to lift his little cap, as though in salute. After he had said the Creed, "his voice so fayled," wrote an Englishman who was in the room, "that they could scant, with all diligence used, heare him, yet he sayd very softly to himselfe, in such manner as he was able, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, and continued still in the same until the last gaspe." That same Englishman's account of St. Robert's passing, had it been written by anyone but a Catholic and about a Catholic, would be famous to-day as one of the most beautiful little classics in our literature.

J. BRODRICK.



## THE BARN<sup>1</sup>

*(The stage is very dark. The top of a hill without any shelter, save the side of a great barn set rather diagonally R. You see only one side of the barn, with its huge door. The door is hinged so that it can swing back towards the middle of the stage, allowing all the audience to see some distance into the barn. The music before and during the rise of the curtain should be very heavy, plodding and dull, rather like the prelude to Act 3 of Tannhäuser, but shot, as it were, with the ghost of an echo of the "Adeste Fideles" and "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht.")*

*Enter TRAMP 1. Elderly, grizzled, unshaven. Muffer but no overcoat. A battered bowler hat. He enters from L.*

T. 1: 'Ere's a barn. 'Ere's a bit o' luck. Ought to get into that easy an' doss in the hay. *(He looks for the handle; there is none.)* Where's the handle? Bad luck to it! I don't believe there ain't none. Who ever see such a door? Key-hole anyway. *(He stoops to try to look through it.)* All bunged up. Can't see nothing. *(Puts his finger into the hole to try to pull at the door.)* Won't budge. Come open, yer swine! *(Takes the boards with both hands and tries to shake the door.)* Grr! can't so much as make him move. Well, p'raps there's a window t'other side. *(He goes out R to look. Music again; very soft: no echo of "Adeste." He returns after a while.)* Never see such a barn. No window, no nothing. Not a way in nowhere in the 'ole outfit. *(Shakes his fist at the barn.)* Ar, yer Gawd-forsaken place. Can't yer open? Can't yer let a bloke get into you? Deaf an' dumb, are you? Grr! *(He pauses; stares at the barn; shrugs his shoulders and sits down with his back to it.)* Give it up. Arter all, what else'd you expect in this Gawd-forsaken world? What a world! What a muck-heap! Muck meself, lyin' on top of it. *(Hugs himself in the cold.)* An' oh Gawd, ain't it cold! Ice in me very soul. An' that swine what pinched

<sup>1</sup> It has been pointed out to the author that one incident, in what follows, is very like one in an exquisite Christmas idyll, "The Child in Flanders," by Cecily Hamilton. There, three soldiers make each their gift to a newborn baby: here, three tramps do so. I think that the modernization, so to say, of the gifts of the Shepherds (or the Kings) to Christ is not very rare. Anyhow, what follows was drafted before the writer read "The Child in Flanders," and he can but hope that its completion, and long-delayed publication, will not suggest, on the one hand, plagiarism, nor, on the other, any lack of admiration for Miss Hamilton's touching scenes. He thinks that the difference in spirit and working-out of the two pieces is so evident, that this note of un-asked apology may almost be considered an impertinence.

me overcoat. (*Stands up and shakes his fist furiously into the dark.*) If I met him what pinched it off me, I'd . . . Last thing you'd ever pinch, me lad! (*His rage evaporates. He sits down again despondently.*) Ar. What's the good o' cursing? What's the good o' threatening? I'd not have the strength o' body to do nothing to him, and I've never 'ad no courage, I ain't. Proper bit o' muck, on top o' the world. Thank God, I got a bit o' baccy left. Boy's best friend is his baccy. . . Anyways I ain't got no others. (*He lights his pipe.*) That's me last match. And me climbing this hill to see if there's a light showing anywheres. Not a light. Not one blinking light. And me last match. Breakin' a man's heart. Nothin' save this 'ere dead barn. (*Surprised by this word.* . .) Dead? Well, that's what it is, and I wish I was meself. Me what had me pals once, and now, not so much as the world's worst criminal to talk to. 'Ullo—talk o' the devil . . . there's a bloke comin' up the road. Sure I heard him. . . Best put me pipe out an' chance a match. He might want a fingerful o' baccy. Swines, the best of 'em. He don't get none off me. . .

Enter TRAMP 2. *Young. Overcoat (but no muffler); cloth cap. Raffish and rather brutal.*

T. 1: 'Evenin', mate!

T. 2: (*springing back with a yelp*): Gawd! you made me start. Who's you?

T. 1: Same as yourself, I reckon, mate. On the road. Lost me way. Come up here to see if there's a light.

T. 2: What you doing there? I didn't see you. You made me start.

T. 1: Settin' a bit. Tired out, I am. (*Exhaustedly.*) Tired? I ask you!

T. 2: Why the—why don't you get inside? Got no sense, haven't you?

T. 1: Suppose I ain't tried, mate? Try yourself. 'Ave a look if you can get inside.

(*T. 2 shakes the door. Goes round the barn as T. 1 did. Meanwhile, the heavy music, without any hint of the "Adeste." He returns.*)

T. 2: Looks as if you was right, old man. (*Sits down beside him.*) Give us a bit o' baccy.

T. 1: Ain't got none.

T. 2: Ain't got none? Yer lie. I can smell it.

T. 1: I tell you I ain't got none.

T. 2: Right. . . 'Ave it your own way. But as God's me judge I'll 'ave it off you before I kisses you goodbye, you see if I don't.

- T. 1 (*instinctively nervous*): If you tries any monkey tricks on me I'll biff yer one, see?
- T. 2 (*jeering*): You biff me one? Like to see yer. I'd squash your alleged face in with one hand without so much as standing up. Get out of it, old man. I don't like you. Who'd want you? (*He takes a packet of bread and cheese from his pocket and begins to cut it with a large knife and to eat.*)
- T. 1 (*desperately, and whining*): Say, mate. No offence intended. Give us a mouthful of yer bread and cheese.
- T. 2: Give us a taste of your baccy and then we'll see.
- T. 1: Honest to God, I got no baccy. Smoked me last pipeful. (*Stretching out his hand*): Say, mate, don't be hard on a chap. Give us a mouthful. Honest to God I ain't had nothing to-day saving a crust as I saved from yesterday. An' I'm that cold.
- T. 2: Keep your hands to yourself.
- T. 1: Don't be hard, mate.
- T. 2: I ain't no mate o' yours. 'Ere! 'Appy thought. 'And over that muffler o' yours and p'r'aps I'll give you a bit.
- T. 1: Hand over me muffler? You asks that, you with your overcoat on and all? And me with nothing but this what you see, over me shirt? What yer thinking of? (*Shrilly*): Me muffler? It's the only thing I got left in this God-forsaken world, an' I'd like to see the man as 'd take it off me!
- T. 2: You would? Is that a challenge? I'd strangle you with your muffler, strangle you in it, with one hand, and then take it off your scraggy neck. . . (*T. 1 shrinks back: T. 2 has moved towards him.*) Ar! I'm rotting you. 'Ave it as you please. But no muffler, no bread. Nor yet no cheese.
- T. 1: Where'd you get your bread an' cheese from, mate? All the luck, you've got.
- T. 2 (*laughing coarsely*): Where'd I get it? Off a little girl what was takin' it to her dad, most like. Bit o' bacon, there was too: but I finished him, bad luck to it. Twisted her wrist till she dropped it an' then made faces at her till she run away cryin'. Cry? You should have heard her.
- T. 1: I don't like that, mate.
- T. 2 (*violently*): Who the 'ell cares what *you* like? Who's you? Got to have me food, ain't I? Got to live, ain't I? You? Who cares for *you*? You 'op it. I want this barn to meself. 'Op it an' freeze to death quick as you please. Who's goin' to miss *you*? There ain't so many as is in love with *you*, I reckon.

- T. 1: (*bowing his head on his knees*): Oh Gawd, that's a cruel word, but it's God's own truth, that's what it is.  
 (*A silence. "Adeste" music. Very softly indeed... "Verbum Caro Factum..." It dies out.*)
- T. 1: Gawd! I'm goin' dippy. Noises in me head. (*Suppliantly*): Say, mate; give us just one mouthful, for Christ's sake!
- T. 2: (*furiously*): Didn't I tell you to keep your stinkin' hands off me? (*Pushes him with his elbow.*) See this knife what I'm cuttin' this here bread with? Been across a man's throat, that has; that's why I'm on the road. See? And it'll be across your own if you give me any more of your lip, see?
- T. 1 (*shrinking into a heap*): Have you done a bloke in?
- T. 2: Too true I did. (*Half to himself*): After me girl he was. See? I loved that girl, I did—good an' true, for once. An' he come after her, and what he had about him, I dunno. But she fell for him, see? Fell proper. An' he comes past me and he jeers. Jeers, see? An' I out with me knife, and... an' I in with it, see? Gar! what a mess. (*More softly.*) An' she the one out o' the whole lot that I loved; loved her good an' true, I did: might have made a home along with that one, so I might... (*He loses himself in a dream and forgets to eat.*)
- T. 1: I never done that. But I had a home; married man, I am. But I'm crook in me blood. Married—it made no odds. Crook I was and crook I always shall be, 'spose. So now I got no 'ome, nor never shall, I s'pose. (*Pause. Music, very soft. "O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem..."*) Gawd, I'm sure goin' crazy. Noises in me head... (*A distant whistle.*)
- T. 2 (*he has recovered himself*): Noises, you barmy old man? Course there's noises. There's a bloke coming. Whistlin' on a whistle. That's what you heard. Shut your mouth a bit. Might be someone as we could get something off... (*Pause; very faint, erratic sounds as from a tin whistle.*) See him? Down yonder. Down the road. Pff! A kid... Not get much off him, savin' p'raps a fag. You leave it to me. Shut yer 'ead. Don't you say nothin', old man. Leave 'im to me.
- TRAMP 3. (*A mere boy. Very thin and white; next to no clothes: he has a whistle on which now and again he blows a note. Music: "Come to the Manger."*)
- (T. 2 gives a kind of squeal and jumps forward. T. 3 cowers back absolutely terrified.)
- T. 2 (*roughly*): Say, you! Come on, here. Come 'ere! (*Extremely soft music... "O come ye, O come ye..."*) Come

on, I tell yer. (*The boy approaches and stands silent and vague.*) 'Oo the 'ell are you?

T. 3: I'm on the road. I don't know where I am.

T. 2: There's a pair of you, then. What you on the road for?

T. 3: Can't get no work.

T. 2: Gar! Work? Who wants to work when you can do without? Come on here. Come a bit nearer. Why can't you get no work? Strong young fellow like you. . .

T. 3: I ain't so strong. (*Proudly.*) I'm detective, I am! (*T. 1 and T. 2 instinctively spring back for a moment.*)

T. 1: What d'yer mean, detective? Don't talk so silly.

T. 3 (*obstinately*): I'm detective.

T. 2 (*gulping*): 'E means defective. What they calls defective. Soft in 'is head. That's what 'e means. Soft. Barny. Same as you, old man. (*Laughs loathsomely.*) All the better. Say, kid, got a tanner on you?

T. 3: Course I ain't. How should I?

T. 2: Turn your pockets out. (*The boy does so, puzzledly.*) Bit o' string. Bit o' rag. What d'you want a rag for? Can't you blow your nose on your fingers like what the likes o' you ought to do? Rags is for gentlemen, not a scum like you. Scum, *you* are. Give us over the rag.

T. 3: I want it for polishin' up me whistle.

T. 2: Give it 'ere. (*Takes it.*) Give us that bit o' string. My boot wants tyin' up.

T. 3: Leave us me bit o' string.

T. 2: What you want it for?

T. 3: I like it.

T. 2: Ar. Give it over. (*Takes it.*) Now give us a tune on your whistle and let's see what you're good for.

T. 3 (*tears in his eyes*): I ain't good for nothin'.

T. 2 (*disgustingly*): That's not what yer sweetie would say.

T. 3 (*miserably*): I ain't got no sweetie.

T. 2: Well, who d'you play tunes to on yer whistle?

T. 3: Plays 'em to meself.

T. 2: Well, you jolly well play a tune to us now, see?

T. 3: I can't, mister.

T. 2: You can't? Why not?

T. 3: 'Cause I'm scared of you.

T. 2: Scared o' me, are you? That's nothing to what you'll be after I've done with you, me lad. Give us that there whistle.

T. 3: Don't you touch my whistle. . . Mister, mister—me fingers is too cold to play tunes. . .

T. 2: Give it 'ere, you. . .

T. 1 (*breaking in*): What you want, takin' the kid's whistle? (*A bar or two from "Come to the Manger."*)

- T. 2 (*incredulous that he should be resisted*): 'Ere! Who are you talking to? Shut your mucky mouth, old man.
- T. 1: Not so much o' your Old Man. You drop that whistle.
- T. 2: Are *you* talkin' to *me*, you mouldy moth-eaten muck-heap?
- T. 1: I sure am. I won't stand for that kid's whistle bein' taken off him. Say, mate. Have a heart! Didn't you an' that girl you was talkin' of never sing no songs together? Didn't you never . . .
- T. 2: You hold your dirty tongue about my girl!
- T. 1: My tongue ain't so dirty as you doin' the dirty on that kid. . . Takin' his whistle! What in 'ell do you want the kid's whistle for?
- T. 2: Ar! I was only rottin'! Here, kid, I don't want to take no whistle off you. Keep your silly whistle. (*A drift of music: "Stille Nacht."*)
- T. 3 (*after a little pause*): Thank you, mister.
- T. 1: Reckon you don't have many sayin' thanks to *you*.
- T. 2 (*gloomily*): You said it. Come and set down, kid, along o' us.
- T. 3 (*unhappily*): What d'you want to do to me?
- T. 2: Ar! I don't want nothing. You set and rest a bit. Alongside of this old barn.
- T. 3: Why don't you go inside?
- T. 1: Can't. He's locked up. No one can't get in. No window; no nothing.
- T. 3: He ain't locked up! (*Imperceptibly, while they have been talking, the door has opened behind the men's backs. A tiny thread of light is seen: a very faint echo of "Stille Nacht" now continues.*)
- T. 1: Course he's locked up. Ain't we tried hard enough? What d'you take us for, sittin' here if we could get inside? Ain't I been round the whole outfit? Ain't me mate here done the same? Course he's locked.
- T. 3: I tell you he ain't locked. Opened on his own, like, when you was speakin' for me, mister. He's open now. (*They turn round, and spring back, alarmed, from the slightly open door.*)
- T. 2: For Gawd's sake. I don't believe it. . . How could it? . . . The devil's in the door. (*Fiercely.*) Who yer kid-din'? Scarin' me stiff with your open doors. He's shut, same as ever. Course he is.
- T. 3: I tell you I saw him open. When you give over rotting me. I tell you the door's open, and we can go in, all the lot of us. An' there's a light inside. Oh, ain't it a *lovely* light? There's people inside. They'll be a bit kind to us—to 'im and you an' me. . .
- T. 2: I wouldn't go near that door, not if 'ell was after me.

T. 1: Who's there that'd be kind to the likes of us? Set the dog after us, more like. Say, mates, let's be movin'!

T. 3: I don't believe no one would be unkind to nobody on a Christmas Eve. You was kind to *me*, after a bit.

T. 1: Who's talkin' o' Christmas Eve? What day's this? I don't know one day from t'other.

T. 3: Why, it's Christmas Eve. . . If none o' you'll open the door, I will.

*(He pulls open the heavy door, and remains holding on to the edge of it. Inside, a very dim light (lantern). A man sitting beside a woman who is propped up in the hay. The man is in working-man's clothes; the woman is muffled in a big shawl and has a baby in her lap. The baby is not visible—just a bundle. T. 1 and T. 2 retreat rather rapidly to L. Music—just "Adeste"—"O come . . .")*

THE MAN *(peering out)*: Evening, gentlemen. Come in. Room for all.

T. 3: We wouldn't like to be disturbing you.

M.: You won't disturb us. Come in. The barn's very big. . .

T. 1: We didn't mean to intrude on no one, mister. We ain't no trespassers. We've lost our way, all the whole lot of us, an' we climbed this hill to see if there was a light anywhere, but we couldn't see none.

M.: This is the only light I know of.

T. 2 *(so nervous that he is almost giggling)*: And he ain't much of a one.

M.: Not at present.

*(T. 3 puts his whistle to his lips and blows a few notes, rather like the "Adeste." The Music takes it up . . . "Natum Videte" . . . T. 3 has gone down on his knees so as to be able to play a little nearer to the baby. Now he shuffles forward, inch by inch. The woman makes room for him close to her, on the right. T. 3 leans forward to look at the baby, shivers a little, and the woman puts the end of her shawl over his shoulder.)*

T. 2 *(pulling at the sleeve of T. 1, who is further towards the middle of the stage)*: 'Ere. Come on out 'o this while they ain't noticing. Come on. I hates this. What's the good o' staying here to be copped, anyway? Someone 'll sure to be after them two, and then we'll be copped, the whole lot of us.

T. 1: What, an' leave the kid?

T. 2: What business is he of yours?

T. 1: I taken a liking to the kid.

T. 2: Ar! Yer goin' silly. Nobody can't do much to him. But you 'n me, that's different. Can't afford no risks.

T. 1: 'Ark at him. . .



T. 3: Say, missus. Will you please take me whistle for keeps? See how he likes it. (*Blows a few more notes. The woman and T. 3 both look down at the baby and they smile.*) Look at 'im, missus. Smilin' proper, ain't he? Here y'are, missus. Take it for the kiddie. You could soon blow it same as me.

T. 1 (*to THE MAN*): Hi, mister. Don't you go takin' his whistle off him. It's 'is true friend, if you see what I mean. He ain't got no one nor nothing else. He'd be sorry tomorrow if you took it, and so'd you. He's a bit soft, see? Soft-like.

M.: We won't take your whistle off you, lad.

T. 3: Mister, mister, I want you to take it. Please, mister, I want to give the lady my whistle so's she can play on it to 'er kiddie same as me.

(*Music, a little louder. "Children, come to the Children's King" . . . The woman takes the whistle, just looking out towards T. 1, and smiling a little.*)

T. 1: Oh, all right. After all, what's a whistle? Here, missus. Let's see what I can do meself. . . Here, lady, will you have this muffler to wrap the kid up a bit better with? You keep your shawl for yourself. You sure need it on a night like this. I don't want no muffler.

M.: I'm sure *you* need it.

T. 1: I do not. Sorry, mister, didn't mean to speak rough. But—ah! *come on!* Let me wrap 'im up meself. Give you me word—I know 'ow to. Got two of me own—least-ways, I did have, once upon a time. . . 'Ere—'alf a mo'.

(*He has come right up to the barn door and now he too kneels down on the threshold and begins to tuck the baby up in his muffler. He shivers violently. Meanwhile, Music. "Natum Videte" . . . T. 2 creeps up, holding back, but able just to pluck T. 1 by his coat.*)

T. 2: Say! You gone crazy? Givin' away your muffler! What in 'ell are you after? (*T. 1 has come back a little out of the barn. This part of their talk is in a hoarse whisper.*)

T. 1: Don't you go using no 'ell *here*, mate. That's a lady, that is. And as for me muffler, what's more, I tell you I'll give the bloke me bit o' baccy what I told you I hadn't got. But I 'ad. . . 'Ere, mister; bit o' baccy for you. Got plenty more here (*he pats an empty pocket*). Makes it feel more friendly-like, don't it, havin' a whiff o' baccy about?

M.: Won't you keep it?

T. 1: *Come on*, mister. You'd hurt me in me feelings if you didn't take it.

M. (*taking it*): Thank you very much.

(*T. 3 continues to look at the baby. THE MAN arranges the straw, etc. T. 1 crosses to T. 2 and whispers to him again. "Stille Nacht" . . .*)

T. 1: Come on, mate. What about yourself? Us two 'ave done our bit. Not much, but what we could. You wouldn't be for standing out, would you? What about that bread an' cheese o' yours? You still got a bit left. Make up, like, for the way you got it, not as I'm rebuking of you, but still . . . *You know . . .* Come on. Act matey, same as us.

T. 2: What in—what d'you *take* me for, you old loony? Me give my bread and cheese? (*Takes it out and stares at the packet.*) Ar—come on out o' this, or you'll be havin' me crazy next.

T. 1: Come on, mate!

T. 2: 'Op it. (*He squats weighing the bread in his hand, meditating.*)

(*T. 1 goes back to the barn and kneels down again to look at the baby. THE MAN comes out and leans against the left door-post, looking at the sky but half turned towards T. 2.*)

T. 2: I say, mister. (*THE MAN crosses to him.*) 'Ave a bit o' bread and cheese?

M. (*gravely*): Well—thank you . . . don't you worry.

T. 2: Come on, mister. You can 'ave it.

M.: I—I don't think we'd like it, quite. . .

T. 2: Not like bread and cheese? Toffs, are you? You must be, not to like bread and cheese.

M.: Not *that* bread and cheese, perhaps. . .

T. 2 (*starting up angrily*): What d'you know about this bread 'n cheese? (*His anger collapses.*) P'r'aps you're right, mister. Can't stomach it no more meself. Ain't got no right to it . . . though I'm not one to worry much about what's right nor what's wrong. (*He bows his head on to his knees, but is still holding the packet out before him on the palms of his two hands.*) Oh Gawd. You don't know, mister. But I've made a proper mess o' me life. P'r'aps you guess. P'r'aps they all sees it in me. See it on me face. Curse o' God. . . I don't wonder as you won't take nothing off me. Take it an' chuck it away, if you like. I got no right to it: starve, I would, if I got me rights.

M. (*touching the parcel lightly*): Let's have a look at it. (*T. 2 unwraps the parcel and sits up with a start.*)

T. 2: 'Ere! What's come to it? This ain't my bread, what . . . Here! What you been at? You changed it. . . What have you done with it? . .

M.: This is very good bread.

T. 2: How could it be good bread? Stale, it was, many an hour ago. Couldn't believe me eyes, when I saw how stale that bread had gone. Mouldy, more like. Half sickened me even then. But now you look at it. . .

M.: This is bread fit for God.

T. 2: God wouldn't take no bread off a man like me. . .

M.: God would be grateful, boy. You come with me a minute.

*(Raises him up, and takes him towards the barn. Music: "Come, come, come to the Manger, Children, come to the Children's King" . . . They reach the barn, THE MAN gently urging T. 2. T. 2 kneels down and THE WOMAN takes the packet. T. 2 doubles right down upon himself. "Joyful and triumphant" . . .)*

M.: Come a little closer.

T. 2: Me closer. . . ?

M.: All of you. *(They draw rather nearer. Several small angels enter L, and fill up that side of the stage. They sing, but very softly, the "Come to the Manger" hymn during all that follows.)*

*(THE WOMAN puts her Baby into the arms of T. 3.)*

T. 3: My darlin'. . .

*(Then she puts it into the hands of T. 1, on the right. He says nothing, but hugs the Baby and gives it back to its mother. THE MAN, who has kept one hand on the shoulder of T. 2, draws T. 1 a little to the L, so as to leave a space; he then makes T. 2 move into the space, and THE WOMAN puts the Baby into his arms. As she does so, the music, which has passed into the melody of the "Adeste," breaks fully and harmonized into the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the hymn. CURTAIN.)*

C. C. MARTINDALE.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ASTROLOGER

NOTES ON THE DIARY OF DR. JOHN DEE

THEY are proposing to make a new road through the Thames-side village of Mortlake, so that one may speed more swiftly to its more aristocratic neighbour, Richmond. The new road will cut across the site of the house once occupied by Dr. John Dee, the famous Elizabethan astrologer and wizard, and perchance the roadmakers may compensate Mortlake for the loss of the atmosphere of other days, which still clings to it in spite of slum and brewery invasion, by turning up some of the golden balls which the alchemist is said to have made from the base metals subjected to his science.

All that Mortlake has of fame, apart from the Universities' Boat Race, centres round Dr. Dee, the wizard into whose crystal Queen Elizabeth took many a peep—for it is as a wizard, not as a pioneer of our present day mathematical knowledge, that John Dee has come down to posterity. Dee, as a matter of fact, was one of the most remarkable scholars of his age. He graduated at Cambridge in 1544-5, where he is said to have studied for eighteen hours a day, and took Orders during the changeful fifteen-fifties. As he was lecturing in Paris in 1550 and was appointed to a Rectory in Worcester in 1553 one may hope that he was not ordained as a Catholic priest: there are no signs of Catholicity in his Diary, beyond an occasional reference to feasts of "Our Lady"; nor indeed any clerical atmosphere perceptible there, for he never exercised "the cure of souls." He was a philosopher and scientist, first and foremost, however little his "science" prevented him in later life from abandoning mathematics for magic, and being duped by fraudulent "occultists." Dee left two autobiographical records. The first, a kind of *apologia*, entitled: "The Compendious Rehearsall," which is a summary of the amazing achievements of the first fifty years of his life when his fame as a scholar was universally recognized; the second, a collection of rough notes scribbled on the margins of some of the old almanacs stored away in his library. These cover the latter years of his life, and from them there emerges no sinister and solitary Merlin, but a very human being, as alive as Pepys himself, and as

disarming, for the wizard of Mortlake was a twice-married man and the father of eleven children.

In this diary the *minutiae* of family life jostles the record of the astrologer's professional undertakings, and the piquancy of the incongruous is added to the quaintness of the naive recital, for it is a simple-minded and rather pathetic householder that emerges from the margins of the seer's discarded almanacs. The sage whose clients bore names familiar in English history, for all the folk, who would have figured in an Elizabethan "Who's Who," found their way to Mortlake, has a wife knocking on his study-door to tell him that one of the children has fallen into the river, or that the wet nurse of the latest addition is demanding her wages. For the doctor keeps the domestic reins decidedly in his hands. It is he who engages the "new mayden" (and the Dees were always changing their maids) and settles the wages to be paid to her, for all that Mr. Secretary Walsingham has entrusted him with a secret which may only be shared with the stars.

All that Dee's biographers have found worth quoting from his private diary is that which relates to the several visits of Queen Elizabeth to the astrologer. The wizard's crystal drew her more than once to Mortlake. These visits are recorded without any sign of complacency. For instance—"Sept. 17 [1580], the Quene's Majestie cam from Rychemond in her coach, the higher way of Mortlak felde . . . where she espyed me at my doore making obeysains to her Majestie; she beckend her hand for me; I cam to her coach side, she very speedely pulled off her glove; and to be short asked me to resort to her court, and to give her to wete when I cam there."

But in a nearby entry we read that Jane Gaelle is paid her wages till Michaelmas. "I owe her yet 6 shillings and 8 pence," writes the diarist, ruefully, and we get a first glimpse of the domestic interludes to his commerce with the stars, and of his pecuniary embarrassments.

A later note throws a lurid light on the difficulty that the Dees experienced in keeping their maids. Was it merely the result of an abnormally smoky chimney? "This night the fyre all in flame came into my maydens' chamber agayne between an eleven and twelve of the clock; contynued half-an-hour terribly, so it did a yere before to the same maydens."

The astrologer visits the Queen in her privy chamber, where the Lord Treasurer also was, and the Queen's physician consults him concerning her Majesty's "grievous pangs and pains caused by toothache and the rheum." After this we find him not infrequently at Court—either at Greenwich or Richmond; and the road from one royal palace to the other most conveniently passed the necromancer's door. Arthur Dee, the first child, is born soon after and has a Judge of the Admiralty and a lady of the Privy Chamber for his god-parents. The domestic entry is followed by a professional one: "I revealed to Roger Coke the great secret of the elixir of salt." The remainder of this entry is written in Greek characters, presumably for the better concealment of the secret: even when transliterated it remains Greek.

Heavy fees do not seem to have come the astrologist's way. He is perpetually in want of money and borrows £40 of John Hilton of Fulham to pay Mr. Edmund Hynde of another place. A succession of creditors figure in the diary, alternately with the "maydens,"<sup>7</sup> who come and go with a bewildering frequency. These latter are engaged for a wage of four nobles a year, an apron and a pair of hose, and everything points to the fact that John conducted the negotiations himself.

And all through it the philosopher sits amongst his charts and stills and produces in due time his book criticizing the Gregorian Calendar, the adoption of which, though attempted by Elizabeth's Government in 1584-5, was delayed for 170 years by the action of the Protestant hierarchy. Dee knew more of the science of navigation than any man living. He was in touch with all the great navigators of the day. He had a "mystical" method, in which the stars and tides were involved, of proving that all newly-discovered islands belonged to England, which increased his favour with Elizabeth, already intrigued by his supposed occult gifts. But they brought him as little profit as did his learning. The mysterious spider which, "at ten of the clok at night [appeared] suddenly on my desk, and suddenly gon,—a most rare one in bygnes and length of feet"—may be taken as a type of the interruptions to his search after the secrets of transmutation was exposed. Who, for instance, can guess at the far-reaching effect of the domestic occurrence which made the philosopher register the grim fact that: "My wife is most desperately angry in respect of her maydens."

Dee's occult dealings, anticipating in some way the modern cult of spiritualism, were derided by his eighteenth and nineteenth century biographers, whose rationalism rose in revolt against his "actions with spirits." But his contemporaries made no distinction between his alchemy and his crystal-gazing and called him bluntly "a conjurer of wicked and damned spirits." A mob broke into his house and destroyed most of its contents during his absence abroad in 1583.

The birth of Katherine Dee is recorded, like most of the nativities, in Latin—"Hora 7½ mane nata est Katherina Dee." Ten days later: "Young Mr. Hawkins, who had byn with Sir Francys Drake, cam to me to Mortlake." In August, 1581, Katherine Dee changes her wet nurse for one at Peter-sham, "the day after St. Lawrence. . . My wife went on foot with her, and Ellen Cole, my mayd, in very great showres of rayn." Next day the seer received a letter from Dr. Andrea Hess, student of occult philosophy at Antwerp. Earlier in the year he had gone to the Presence Chamber at Westminster to meet "Johannes Bodinus"; and somewhere about this time he hears "the strange noyse in my chamber of knocking; and the voyce ten tymes repeted, something like the shrich of an owle but more longly drawn and more softly." These rappings are mentioned again later in the year.

Barnabas Saul, solemnly consecrated by Dee as his "skryer" or medium, enters the diary at this point, October, 1581, "Lying in the hall he was strangely trubled by a spirituall creature about mydnight." Barnabas and his visits from "spiritual beings" henceforth figure largely in the diary. He was a rascal, though not possessing so lurid a record as Kelly, Dee's later "skryer, who had lost his ears in the pillory for uttering base coin, and who "worked" with the old scholar for 25 years, abusing his credulity by various impostures. Barnabas ultimately turned on his employer and became one of the "slanderers" from whom Dee often sought, and sometimes obtained, legal protection. "March 9th, Friday," writes Dee, "at dynner tyme Mr. Clerkson and Mr. Talbot declared a great deale of Barnabas nowgthy dealing toward me"; which treachery had been revealed by another "spirituall creature." Thus was the naughty Barnabas caught in his own toils.

Meanwhile, domestic matters pursue the uneven tenor of their way. The new baby's nurse is paid; Ellen, the maid, falls sick, Arthur occasionally slips into "the Tems," and



George, the serving-man, has a great fall from a ladder, "hora 10 fere mane." Robert Gardner, another serving-man, leaves to go and live with Sir William Herbert. This minor fatality is set down as taking place at "hora 10." The Dees and Herberts remained friendly, notwithstanding, for there is a quaint, inconsequent little entry, showing the precocity of Elizabethans—January 22nd: "Arthur Dee and Mary Herbert, they being but 3 yeres old the eldest, did make as it wer a shew of childish marriage, of calling ech other husband and wife."

More lies behind the following entry: "I did show Mr. John Lewis and his son, the physitian, the manner of drawing aromaticall oyles."

Accidents which happened to members of the growing family are chronicled without emotion; *e.g.*, on September 22nd, "Madinia fell from the bed and hurt her forhed, abowt one of the klok afternone"—doubtless when some important matter was in the making. These minor domestic tragedies are of frequent occurrence. Again, "Theodore Dee, from the beginning of this month, had his ey bludshotten." The visit of "Sir Walter Rawleigh" is entered with less detail than the accident to Arthur, who was "wounded on his head by his own wanton throwing of a brik-bat upright and not well avoyding the fall of it again. . . The half-brik weighed  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lb." Arthur Dee was a chip of the old block. His experiment contains a moral which his father may have overlooked.

The alchemist may well have been keen on discovering how to transmute base metals,<sup>1</sup> for he had a singular inaptitude for making gold in the normal way. He was constantly refusing at home and abroad posts carrying with them fair emoluments. His two clerical *sinecures* were his regular standby, augmented by chance gifts, from his friends. When the situation became desperate Elizabeth occasionally helped him out with a money-gift. He had many promises of preferment but was nearly 70 before anything materialized. On one occasion the hard-pressed wizard went with his wife and seven children and stood before Her Majesty, "and my wife did kiss her hand." The valiant Mrs. Jane Dee, on another

<sup>1</sup> He actually came on the traces of the Philosopher's Stone when in Prague in 1588. "Augt. 13 Mr. Thomas Southwell . . . told us of the philosopher whose name was Mr. Swyft, who gave him a lump of the philosopher's stone so big as his fist: a Jesuit named Mr. Stale had it of him." No doubt this accounts for the Society's wealth!

occasion, caught the Queen coming out of Somerset House and presented her with an appeal which nearly got the deanery of St. Paul's for her husband—"the Quene's wish was to the Lord Archbishop presently that I shuld have Dr. Day his place in Powles." (1594) But something or somebody intervened. Yet the Doctor was fairly intimate with the Primate. The Archbishop is invited to sup with the Dees at Mortlake, perhaps that the impressive army of little Dees may work on his feelings, but nothing comes of it. "I take myself confounded for all hoping or suing for anything," writes the disappointed philosopher, "and so adiew to the court and courting tyll God direct me otherwise. The Archbishop gave me a payre of sufferings to drinke. God be my help as he is my refuge." What are "sufferings"?

The seer's dreams are naïvely recorded. They were possibly more interesting than his waking visions. On September 10th (1579) we find recorded—"My dream of being naked and my skyn all overwrowght with work like some kinde of tuft mockado, with crosses blew and red; and on my left arm . . . this word I red—*Sine me nihil potestis facere.*" Two years or so later—"I dremed that I was deade and afterward my bowels were taken out, I walked and talked with diverse, and among other with the Lord Thresorer who was com to my howse to burn my bokes when I was dead, and thought he looked sourely on me." The poor man suffered from kidney trouble which may have accounted for his uneasy slumbers. Once he doctored himself, apparently successfully, with a concoction of "crabs' eys in powder with the bone in the carp's head!"

On March 18th of a fateful year (1583) the astrologer received a greeting from Albert Laski, Palatine of Sirads in Bohemia, through Mr. North from that country who came from the Queen. Laski attended some séances and invited Dee and Kelly to visit him in his own country. (Nurse Lydgett of East Sheen was paid for "5 pound candell, 6 pound sope" on the same day.) Sir Philip Sydney and Lord Russell travelled with him in the Queen's barge to do the doctor honour. It seems incredible, but we learn that the entire family, wife and children, accompanied the wizard on his itinerary through eastern Europe, three coaches being provided for their transit. His experiences abroad were chequered; Kelly's tricks and illusions did not prove convincing, and although, finally, the Emperor of Russia pro-

mised him £2,000 a year, Dee refused every tempting offer to remain out of his own country and returned with his family to Mortlake—only to find, as we mentioned above, that the mob had broken into his house and completely wrecked his library. The action of the mob seems to have disgusted Dee with Mortlake. In 1595 he was offered and accepted the Wardenship of Manchester College and the family migrated thither, but the result was not a success. Dee quarrelled with the Fellows, and the diary, which extends over a portion of the eight years spent there, is simply a dull record of legal squabbles with ecclesiastics, with whom the astrologer never seems to have felt quite at home. At the end of eight years he returned to Mortlake, to the home from which he had been practically driven, and spent his last days practising his questionable "magic." The record of his last "action with spirits" is dated about a year before his death in 1608.

This singular character, shrewd yet simple, kindly yet irascible, learned yet domesticated, was, in his way, a God-fearing man. At any rate, it would be hard to think ungently of the man who found Madinia's "hurt forhed" and Theodore's "bludshotten ey" as worthy of attention as his aromatical oils and the visits of royalty.

Beyond question, had Dee refrained from indulging his unfortunate taste for the fantastic, and that dabbling in occultism,<sup>1</sup> thus incurring the reprobation of an age which had definite views as to the existence of black as well as white arts, his name would have come down to us with honours as a pioneer of scientific achievement. Had he not earned ill-repute he could have done much for sound learning. A Catholic, doubtless, by birth, he abandoned or lost the Faith and, as so often happens, became the prey of puerile superstition. He was a worthy pioneer of our credulous and futile modern necromancers.

He lies buried in the old churchyard at Mortlake. The new road, if it comes along, will not disturb his bones, though it will pass close by; and who, passing that way, would grudge a prayer for the soul of John Dee, master of many white arts and slave of one which he did not think black?

EDWARD DENISON.

<sup>1</sup> Always, be it remembered, with the encouragement of Elizabeth—cf. Dec. 14th [1590] "Mr. Candish receyved from the Quene's Majestie warrant by word of mowth to assure me to do what I wold in philosophie and alchimie, and none shold chek, controll or molest me."

## CATHOLICS AND DISARMAMENT

THE time is drawing near for the great Disarmament Conference which, it is commonly supposed, will decide the future destiny of the world—whether the nations are to persevere in the armed competition, which was the main cause of the Great War and will infallibly produce a greater, or whether they will recognize from that experience their essential solidarity, and determine to adjust their future differences by process of law and justice alone. On Catholics more than on members of any other religion rests the responsibility of that decision, for Catholics possess in their common faith and spiritual allegiance a bond of union denied to members of nationalistic or racial religions. Moreover, they are numerous enough, if they act unitedly in accordance with the spirit of their creed, to make human brotherhood so real a thing that public opinion, on which the occurrence of war ultimately depends, will be gradually and steadily set against it.<sup>1</sup> And lastly, they are being constantly urged, not only by the perennial teaching of the Church regarding the obligations of justice and charity, but also by frequent and forcible instructions from the Supreme Pastor and the various Hierarchies to work for international peace. Genuine Catholics should dread becoming infected by that narrow un-Christian spirit of nationalism which the War unhappily did so much to foster. They should recognize that the common bond of creaturehood, intensified frequently by elevation to the sonship of God, is not severed by the claims of race or country, but remains stronger, more fundamental and permanent than any other. Even necessary and justifiable warfare does not free the belligerents from the obligations of charity.

Yet we must own that, in spite of the spiritual enlightenment which is, or should be, theirs; in spite of their membership of the mystical Body of Christ; in spite of their common citizenship of the Kingdom of Heaven, Catholics are often as perversely nationalistic as those who have not their

<sup>1</sup> As long ago as Oct. 1917, this periodical asserted: "If the public opinion of the Catholic world were definitely and finally ranged against war, except the punitive or police war which human perversity may always render necessary, how much more secure would be the peace of the world!"

guidance, and are as blind as those outside the Fold are to the higher issues which are involved in the struggles of "secular" States for worldly prosperity and a share in the limited and transitory goods of the earth. And although they should know that the principles of their religion—which are only those of the natural law, made clearer, stronger, and broader—alone can conduce to even temporal well-being, they often follow the dictates of natural covetousness in spite of its manifest fruitage of evil. The gap between the profession of Catholicism and its performance, which is visible in every phase of human activity, tends to be most conspicuous in international relations, both because, living under a religion of authority, the Catholic likes to show how free he can be, and because, belonging to a supranational Church, he wants to prove that he can still be as "national" as the best of them. Rightly understood, his religion should prompt him to emphasize the limited character both of liberty and of patriotism, and to hold out against the tendency of his non-Catholic neighbour to exaggerate both. The only liberty really worth fighting for to the death is the liberty to serve God according to conscience—as the martyrs have shown: the only patriotism which is thoroughly sound is that which is based on the love of God and is a natural development of the law of charity. And we may safely assume that one of the reasons why God has given us the Faith in its fullness is that we should correct, as far as we can, in our surroundings that over-developed cult of independence and of national glory which results from man putting out of sight the true object of human existence.

Although in the abstract a conflict in which both parties blamelessly consider themselves in the right is conceivable, practically, war results from a denial of justice, on one side or the other, or indeed on both. And only for the vindication of justice is it at all reconcilable with the Christian spirit. There are those, we know,—and most non-Catholic pacifists belong to their number—who, wrongly interpreting the teaching of our Lord, insist that what are at most counsels for the individual, viz., "resist not evil," "turn the other cheek," etc., form a precept for the community; but, since the application of those counsels to corporate life would mean domestic and international anarchy, that interpretation is clearly wrong. Where will is free and may be perverted, law must ultimately rest on the ability of the legislator to enforce obedience.

Hence God proclaims that the wages of sin is death, and Christ has warned us that everyone will finally get his deserts in reward or punishment. God Himself in the long run enforces His will by physical sanctions. Accordingly, when rights are denied, and intellectual arguments or moral motives are incapable of winning their recognition, there is left no other course save that of hurting the unjust possessor so much that he finds it better to yield than to retain his unjust possessions; always supposing a due proportion between the good sought and the price thus exacted in securing it.

Because of national injustice and self-seeking—the history of every nation is full of wrongs inflicted or sustained—each nation to-day goes armed; just as in uncivilized communities, before law can be established and enforced, every member must provide himself with means of defence. And because mobile armed forces, though primarily intended for defence, inevitably become a menace to others, each nation, speaking generally, tries to be stronger than its armed neighbour, to avoid feeling itself insecure. And the security which the greater Powers base upon self-reliance, the smaller nations try to obtain by alliances. That has hitherto been the common practice, and the result, and let us emphasize the fact, the inevitable result, in Europe was finally to divide the Continent into two heavily-armed rival alliances, and bring about a “precarious equipoise” of force which any accident might precipitate, as an accident did, into war. That consequence could have been, and indeed was, predicted, yet the nations could see no way to lay aside their suicidal antagonism. They are wiser now, having bought wisdom at the price of ten million lives. Now they recognize that security cannot be found in the “Balance of Power,” that even a successful war is materially ruinous to the victors, and that “the next war” will be even more disastrous than the last; because on the one hand the means of destruction are daily becoming more effective, and on the other the old rule confining actual warfare to the actual combatants has been wholly abolished. Accordingly, the victors put at the head of their Peace Treaty, the determination to form one universal Alliance against war-makers, instead of renewing the old partial rival Alliances, which made preparation for war the chief preoccupation of each.

The Church from the first recognized the Christian character of this proposal. After all, it was largely through the

influence of the Christian revelation that, within each national community, regard for law was established and civil liberties defined and protected, and so the extension of the right of law to the larger international community was but a natural development of the same civilizing influence. Since individual citizens in each State found it to their advantage, and indeed necessary for their prosperity, to surrender their independence to the commonwealth in return for its protection, a recognition of the same necessity on the part of the various States was to be expected if the term of Christian civilization was to be reached. Hence, with greater or less explicitness, the rulers of the Church encouraged the movement for unity amongst the nations. In the first revulsion from the calamity that broke upon the world in August, 1914, men turned instinctively to the only possible remedy. The idea of a League of Nations was mooted quite early in the war,<sup>1</sup> and grew stronger and more detailed as the horrors of the conflict increased. It was specifically endorsed by Pope Benedict in his famous Peace Note of August, 1917, and, whilst the League was still in its infancy and incapable of functioning properly, because still overshadowed by the Supreme War Council, he repeated his endorsement in still clearer terms:

It is much to be desired, Venerable Brethren, [he wrote]<sup>2</sup> that all States, laying aside mutual suspicion, should unite in one league, or rather, in a sort of family of peoples, both in order to safeguard their own independence and to preserve the order of human society.

And then, as his predecessors and successors have consistently done, he singles out the main advantage of the League, the possibility of thus getting rid of the burden and the menace of armaments:

What, to omit many other reasons, especially calls for such an Association of Nations is the need, generally recognized, of making every effort to abolish or reduce the enormous burden of military expenditure which States can no longer bear, in order to prevent these disastrous

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Asquith, speaking in Dublin on Sept. 25, 1914, described the ideal sought in the war as "finally, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right, and established and enforced by a common will." About the end of 1916, the "League of Nations Society," which now numbers nearly a million adherents, came into being in this country.

<sup>2</sup> Encyclical—*Pacem, Dei munus*. Whit-Sunday, 1920.



wars, or at least to remove, as far as possible, the danger of them.

And he goes on to stress the help that the Church can afford towards the realization of this universal League:

The Church will certainly not refuse her zealous aid to States thus united under the Christian law in any of their undertakings inspired by justice and charity, inasmuch as she is herself the most perfect type of a universal society. She possesses in her organization and institutions a wonderful instrument for uniting the hearts of men, not only in view of their eternal salvation, but also for their material well-being in this life.

As the present Pope laments in his recent Encyclical, *Nova Impendit*, "On the Economic Crisis, Unemployment and Increase of Armaments," the warnings and exhortations of his predecessor have not yet been heeded, and he urges his Episcopal Brethren "to strive by every means in your power, in the pulpit and in the press, to enlighten men's minds and to shape their hearts in conformity with the saner dictates of right reason and Christian law." In view, then, of what reason dictates and authority enjoins, we are not rash in asserting that it is for Catholics to take the lead in this return to sanity. The secular Governments seem incapable of rising above the narrow material views of the moment. They make pact after pact, they swear they will never fight again, and go on multiplying the means of doing so; they admit, as they must needs, that war cannot permanently solve international disputes, but they continue to waste their resources in preparing for it. Instead of co-operating, politically and economically, to secure the well-being of their various peoples, in the only way in which *now* that welfare can be secured, *i.e.*, by friendly and harmonious giving and taking, they still seek prosperity as if it were merely a national concern, trying to make profit by each other's needs and disabilities, determined to have their own way irrespective of justice and charity and, finally, of common sense. Although they *know*, all of them, that as the Pope points out—"the acute crisis which we lament is, at once, the effect of international rivalry and the cause of the enormous squanderings of public moneys, and that these two evils [of hostility and waste] are largely due to the excessive and ever-increasing competition

in the output of military stores and implements of war," yet so deeply imbedded is their mutual distrust, so keen their desire to advance their own interests, that they are being with difficulty drawn together to set about doing what they pledged themselves to do twelve years ago in the Covenant of the League, and once again undertook in the Kellogg Pact—to have done with war, as an instrument of international policy, and consequently to reduce their armaments to the dimensions of police-forces. Unless public opinion, stimulated in the case of Catholics by the exhortations of the Popes, and, in general, by such international gatherings as met in Paris on November 26th and 27th, becomes persistently clamorous for international peace, the statesmen and diplomatists, uncertain of support, will take refuge in postponement and inaction.

Yet the history of the League of Nations is full of promise for the discerning. A new international morality cannot be created in a dozen years. Considering the forces against it—militarism in its every form, vested interests, national and racial pride, misunderstanding and mere apathy—we may wonder that the institution has survived. It has made mistakes both by acting and refraining from action, it has been dilatory, indecisive, even cowardly,—in a word, it has been human, yet, as the imperfect embodiment of a great Christian ideal, it is worthy of the respect and support of all Catholics. The ideal itself is that of Christianity—the reign of peace, established on a universal recognition of justice and practice of charity. If Catholics are still found to say—"we do not believe in the League of Nations"—and, alas! some of the most prominent amongst us act as if they did not—that must be because of its imperfections, not because of its aim. Yet to these we would say, in the wise and striking words of Cardinal Bourne <sup>1</sup>—"Every Catholic, whenever he is tempted to find fault, [with the League] should rather go down on his knees and beg of Almighty God to draw out of this imperfect instrument something perfect, something that will realize better God's own Divine Purposes." To scorn the League as Utopian is to put an arbitrary limit to the civilizing influence of the Gospel, to look upon it as anti-Catholic is to misunderstand its trend and object. Whatever be its officially "neutral" religious character, it embodies millions of devout

<sup>1</sup> Address at Highgate, Nov. 1920.

Christians, and, although the Pope as Sovereign of the Vatican City takes no official part in its deliberations, lest his higher function as Supreme Pastor of all the faithful should be impeded, he has let it be known that he is willing to answer requests for his counsel. He at any rate does not fear—nor should any careful student of politics—that the League will evolve into an organized secular super-State, a rival to the Church of God on earth, a Godless internationalism, the predestined Kingdom of Antichrist. Although Russia has shown us that an anti-Christian state may be established and may endure for a time, the endeavour to maintain even a moderate degree of civilization, without Christian morality, is bound in the long run to fail. The very spectacle of the Soviet attempt has so exposed the nature of atheistic Communism as to prevent its spreading into any civilized country. No one has ever imagined or desired that the Federation of the world should take this shape, for one precise object of the League is that the sovereignty and territorial integrity of each nation should be preserved intact. In any case, the secular State is not necessarily anti-Christian even in germ. In many, the rights of Catholics are respected, even though their Church is not considered a Divine institution. Just because Christianity, as we have said, does not enjoin a new and arbitrary code of morals but only gives new force and clearness to the natural law, its principles are unconsciously accepted even by unbelievers, for they lie at the base of all stable civilization. The League, no doubt, has attracted the attention of various bastard internationalisms, it is supported by extreme pacifists, Freemasons have tried to capture some of its machinery; like every other human cause, it is upheld for a vast variety of motives, some of them inadequate and some wrong, but that is rather a reason for Catholics combining to keep it, in aim and action, on right lines. If it has been faulty hitherto, that may well be because Catholics everywhere have not given it their whole-hearted support.

We are speaking of the League, rather than directly of Disarmament, because it is only through the League that disarmament can be achieved. Let those who still regard it with distrust ask themselves seriously—What possible alternative is there, for those who want to avoid another and a worse war, to choose? Do they want their country to stand in isolation with every other its potential foe? Do they want

to go back to partial alliances which only make the inevitable conflict more widespread and terrible? Do they dream of a self-contained Empire, scattered and vulnerable yet serenely indifferent to a hostile world? The very impossibility of devising any other effective means of restraining human injustice surely points to the duty of supporting the League. "If the late War is indeed to be the last war," said Cardinal Bourne in the address before quoted, "that can only be brought about by some such instrument as the League of Nations; and it is for us to take our part, in prayer and action, to make the League a useful instrument for its purpose."

The League of Nations is the expression in the political order of that fact which has lately and so painfully been brought home to us in the economic, the solidarity of mankind. We are interdependent economically and our interests are bound up with each other's financial prosperity: that alone should modify our political independence. Before the world was fully occupied, when nations were numerically small and communications were slow and difficult, our interdependence was easily lost sight of. Now, economically, we are members of one another, and each suffers in the suffering of the other. This illustrates the general folly not only of economic warfare, such at any rate as has the effect of impoverishing potential customers, but also of political strife which makes both victors and vanquished to suffer. These old truths, newly appreciated, need a new vehicle of expression if they are not to be again forgotten; this we find in the League, which in essence is a repudiation of the old ideal of absolute national independence, the old ambition of racial supremacy, the old fallacy of cut-throat competition. The old Europe was rotten with racial hatreds, unjust plottings and trade rivalries: the League stands for combination, co-operation, the pursuit of a common ideal of prosperity and peace. Shall not Catholics stand for the League?

In spite of its imperfect structure, its stunted growth, its inadequate performance, the League remains the only approach, hitherto perceptible, to the Christian ideal of international relations. Hence it has met the hostility of all to whom that ideal is strange. Its whole eleven years of existence has been a running fight with militarists, war-traders, imperialists, political Darwinians. They are assailing it to-day,

on the eve of the Disarmament Conference, with renewed vigour. Last May, one of our two would-be Press-Dictators opened an attack on the League of Nations and exhorted Great Britain to leave it. It was an appalling exhibition of the reckless irresponsibility with which Press-influence is sometimes wielded. And it is being repeated at the present moment, apropos of the Manchurian question, in more than one catch-penny paper. What do these writers care about the fate of the laboriously-upbuilt peace-structure which is based upon the League? They are ready to plunge Europe back into the chaos of nationalist rivalries from which it is painfully emerging, merely to gratify a political grudge. They carelessly flout the considered opinion of the leaders in Church and State in every land that the League alone stands between the world and war, just to ventilate a political idiosyncrasy. Their appeal is to selfishness, to racial conceit, to contempt of other nations. To the minds of the observant no better indication of the value of the League of Nations could be given than the instinctive hostility shown to it by the jingo Press.

Against these violators of the law of charity, these betrayers of human brotherhood, these apostles of disunion, the Christian should steadfastly set his face. They abound unhappily in every land; France, Germany, Italy, lie under their blight. The cause of peace, which means the observance of honesty, justice and unselfishness, the control of covetousness and pride, has always had to make way against their pernicious influence: all the more reason that Christians should help it. It will not do to be passive and apathetic, to trust to the common sense which proclaims war to be, for the most part, a wicked futility, and armed preparations against it to be the surest way of bringing it about. We are called by the Pope himself to the Apostolate of Peace. "Here is a vast and glorious field," said his Holiness last Christmas Eve, "for all the Catholic laity also, whom we unceasingly call upon and ask to share in the apostolic work of the hierarchy. To Catholics all the world over, and particularly to those who study labour and pray in 'Catholic Action,' we turn to-day with this warm invitation and plea."

It is encouraging to know that responsible Catholic opinion at home and abroad is working on the lines suggested by the Pope. In America the National Catholic Welfare Conference constantly reports in its monthly *Bulletin* the results

of discussions for the promotion of peace, plans for study-courses and statements of Catholic principle. The Catholic Association for International Peace through its Committees on Ethics and on International Law made a joint statement on November 2nd proclaiming it "the duty of American Catholics to promote disarmament according to the solid dictates of right reason and of the Christian law." Moreover, it has issued amidst other peace literature a valuable booklet on "International Ethics." In France, which of all the great Powers suffered most in the war, Catholics have been more divided in opinion than elsewhere, yet hardly anywhere are demonstrations in favour of peace, and of the League as the chief means of peace, more frequent or more enthusiastic. The Sixth International Democratic Congress held at Bierville in 1926, was attended by thousands of delegates of all nations, including Germany, and of many creeds, and occupied itself wholly with the promotion of peace. The late Cardinal Archbishop of Paris was a member of the French League of Nations Society, just as our own Cardinal supports the similar English organization, and Cardinal Amette testified in 1920 that the League expressed an essential Christian idea. Naturally in Italy the Papal approval is reflected in the Catholic Press. More than once our contemporary, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, has pleaded for support of the League of Nations. Here is a typical extract on the subject:

Catholics, like all men of good-will, cannot remain indifferent in face of such a great moral issue as is presented by the League, and, if there are forces at work for its destruction it is essential that all who love peace should band themselves together in its defence, for the League must not be destroyed but strengthened and improved.<sup>1</sup>

And similarly in Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany the peace-movement is actively supported by Catholics.

We are necessarily writing before the Catholic meeting under the auspices of the C.C.I.R. to be held in London on the 24th of this month with H.E. the Cardinal in the chair to give expression to the Catholic attitude on Disarmament, but we are confident that nothing we have written will be

<sup>1</sup> *Civiltà Cattolica*, Aug. 21, 1926: quoted in "Catholics of the League of Nations," by Father S. Brown, S.J. (C.C.I.R. : 3d.).

found out of harmony with its conclusions. Catholics, as indeed must all reasonable people, desire peace among nations and thus desire the removal of everything that disturbs it. Since rival armaments certainly do, Catholics cannot but be in favour of what Pope Benedict XV. recommended in his Peace Note of August, 1917—"A fair agreement amongst all to reduce armaments simultaneously and mutually, according to rules and guarantees to be established, in the measure necessary and sufficient for the maintenance of public order in each State." In the modern world the justification for armaments is twofold: 1) for defence against aggression, *i.e.*, security; 2) for the maintenance of rightful claims. If those aims can be realized by peaceful means, national forces in excess of police requirements are wasteful and provocative. And in proportion as those aims can be otherwise attained, armed forces can be, and should be, reduced. The Christian view is that peaceful means of providing national security and settling international disputes have been so wonderfully multiplied and strengthened since the War, by the institution of the League of Nations and the various Pacts and Agreements which have followed it, as also by the formation of the World Court of International Justice, that no excuse would seem to be left for seeking safety by armaments or vindicating claims by force. The Pacts against Aggression provide safety: the Court assures justice. Since absolute security would result if no nation had the power to injure another, the nearer the general approach to that happy impotence, the greater will the security be, always reserving enough force, whether economic or military or both, at the disposal of the nations in combination to restrain the unjust aggressor. And if it be urged that the *status quo* should not be guaranteed because it involves much injustice, the answer is that the machinery already existing for establishing rights and removing grievances is likely to be more successful than violence, as it would surely be infinitely less costly.

Sweeping aside the spirit of Jingoism as incompatible with genuine Christianity, there remains to be considered the real ultimate obstacle to peace, which is often overlooked, and of which, being radically moral, Catholics should take especial heed. The root cause of war is human greed—the desire for personal or national gain unchecked by consideration for the welfare of others. The man who uses his wealth



as if it belonged exclusively to himself, and was not to be used for social benefit as well, comes under the ban of the moralist. So too does the nation in like case. Writing in these pages just before the Armistice we said:

Absolute and independent sovereignties are impossible, and even if they were not, they would be undesirable. Nations as well as individuals hold their lands in trust; such tenure thereof as would make it hard or impossible for other nations to prosper is unjustifiable usurpation. Economic militarism is a form of national selfishness which, besides being in the long run bad for the nation that practises it, is certain to turn to actual fighting.<sup>1</sup>

Hence the peace of the world and its disarmament depend on the extent to which economic co-operation can replace the merciless commercial competition hitherto prevalent. If the old international anarchy is not finally discarded, and, instead, the recognition of law extended to the relations between States, then there is nothing for it but to try to achieve economic independence. That is the ideal, thoroughly anachronistic and mischievous, of some amongst us, who envisage a State so strong that it can defend itself against all enemies, so widespread that it can accommodate all its citizens, so rich that it is wholly self-sufficing, so independent that it is unaffected by the fortunes of the rest. There is no room for such a State in this crowded world, and the efforts to create it must needs be both futile and dangerous. We must exert ourselves to establish economic peace, based on a recognition of the rights and interests of others, and of the fact, obscured by blind covetousness, that their prosperity redounds to our own.<sup>2</sup>

And secondly, this moral provocative of war finds expression in those interests which are involved in its maintenance—the armament firms. No business has been in the past more attractive to Capital, no business has produced more fortunes, than that of supplying the armies of the world with weapons of destruction, which, even if they are not consumed in warfare, have constantly to be replaced by others more effective. The financial welfare of millions depends upon the con-

<sup>1</sup> "Mammon and Mars," *THE MONTH*, Oct., 1918.

<sup>2</sup> A striking illustration of that dictate of common sense is seen in the close commercial intercourse between France and Germany which has lately come into being. There are now more than forty large Franco-German industrial cartels in operation and the present Economic Conference will doubtless add to their number.



tinuance of preparations for war. The reticence of politicians concerning this obstacle to peace, their failure to repress or regulate traffic in arms, their refusal even to make such a cut in armaments as would leave the relative strength of nations unimpaired, the difficulty they lately experienced in consenting to an armament-truce—all this is an indication of the enormous vested interests, embracing a host of raw materials, which are concerned with the maintenance of war. It is said that in France, for instance, the abolition of war, and therefore of the industries that feed it, would cause an economic crisis. Here, then, is a by-product of the Capitalist system, the practice of investing money to make more money irrespective of the real social value of the thing produced, which in the pursuit of peace, the support of the League and the reduction of armaments, we must investigate and if possible find a way to counteract. Without the active assistance of the civilized nations, including alas! this country, in equipping the Soviets with war-material the menace of the Russian anti-Christ would be comparatively negligible. As things are, it is but one aspect of that main obstacle to peace—the desire of capital to make money out of war.

The real problem, therefore, before the world is how to control covetousness,—the root of all evil. It cannot be regulated except by religion, by a faith which puts things in their true proportion, and by a charity which is ready to forgo personal advantage for the general good. If the members of Christ's Church cannot supply that motive, where is it to be found? On Catholics, therefore, acting unitedly in the spirit of their creed, the future peace of the world mainly depends.

JOSEPH KEATING.

## GENERAL SMUTS: PHILOSOPHER

**I**N his Presidential Address at the September meeting of the British Association in London General Smuts, as was expected, took the opportunity of reviewing the present position of science in the light of the philosophical theory which he has elaborated and called "Holism." Notwithstanding his protest to the contrary that theory does not seem to differ essentially, but only in emphasis, from the "Emergent Evolution" of certain modern philosophers. Opinions vary widely about the right interpretation of the life history of a seed growing into a plant, putting forth leaves, flowers and eventually fruit. If the result was due simply to what the seed contained, reacting to its environment, then there would be no mystery. This was the old theory of evolution: all the plant's potentialities were contained in the primitive cell. But some moderns regard this as a mere assumption, and are not content with the explanation of inconsistencies as so many abnormalities. It is felt that development means something more and implies other factors, which are frequently attributed to "creative" action in the germ, and are also found in the course of later development. Hence the theory known as "epigenesis," which removes the question to some extent from the scope of scientific observation. It is something for the philosopher to explain and not merely for the scientist to describe. A chicken is more than a developed cell. A distinct "whole" with a nature of its own and possessing new qualities has come into existence. With the character of "wholeness," as he calls it, General Smuts is much impressed, and says that it "meets us everywhere and points to something fundamental in the universe" ("Holism," p. 86). For this "fundamental factor operative towards the creation of wholes in the universe" he has coined the word Holism: not an illuminative term considering modern ignorance of Greek. But the theory, although he has considerably elaborated it, is not altogether new. More than twenty years ago Professor (now Sir Arthur) and Margaret Thomson translated "Naturalism and Religion," by Dr. R. Otto, who refers in that book to a class of philosophers who believe "in the close connectedness of every part with the whole, in the strict correlation of all parts, in variation in one part being

always simultaneously associated with variation in many other parts, all being comprised in the 'whole'" (p. 144). But when Dr. Otto adds: "which is above and before all the parts and determines them," he is by implication drawing the important distinction, familiar to the scholastic philosopher, between the order of time and that of nature in which the whole is above and before all the parts. The design of a cathedral is a whole and is the product of the mind of an architect. As such it is outside the time-process, and in the order of nature it is first, while from it there is a downward process to the lowest level where the making of bricks and mortar may be taken as the first step in the order of time; while every step of the ascending construction is only effected through what is a real influx from the mind of the controlling principal cause with which a number of secondary causes co-operate. This, if analogies are of any value, and with St. Thomas they are fundamental, as Gilson points out, it is to the Aristotelean forms in a descending hierarchy belonging to the order of nature as distinguished from that of time that we must look for the explanation of "whole."

General Smuts in his Address attempted "a reading of the riddle of the universe and of the meaning of life and of human destiny," but in doing so he made a number of assumptions, which a philosopher would regard as at least disputable. Thus, to say it is "the undying achievement of Charles Darwin to have hammered the great truth of evolution into the consciousness of mankind" was no more than a bit of play to the gallery, since it is now generally admitted that the Darwinian theory has lost and continues to lose ground. As pointed out by Professor Boodin in the current number of *Philosophy*, it is only "in the broader sense of the continuity of the physical universe throughout all time and the orderliness of the processes of change which go on increasingly" (Art: "Interaction and Cosmic Structure," p. 427), that he is "prepared to assume the doctrine of evolution"; though as thus understood there need be no evolving at all. General Smuts, however, still clings to the somewhat out-of-date hypothesis of natural selection; yet on the very next day after his address such a distinguished authority as Professor H. Osborne declared that "science is more at a loss than ever to understand the causes of evolution," while he rejected selection altogether. "Of the emergence theory now in vogue," which fundamentally does not differ from that of General Smuts, Professor Boodin says

that it "calls itself 'materialistic emergence,' which means that everything emerges from 'configurations of matter,'" and that "this theory owes its plausibility to the fact that it is built on antiquated science." Moreover, if it be admitted that a new factor makes its appearance in Emergents (General Smuts calls this factor the "whole!"), it must be concluded that in the synthesis, or whole, called man, there is a factor for which evolution from some ape-like species cannot account; and therefore man has *not* "to come down from his privileged position," as General Smuts avers.

The theory of evolution which the philosopher should logically adopt is the old idea of preformation; but General Smuts, seeing that these "wholes" are so many new creations, regards the phenomenon as "an epigenesis instead of an explanation." This, as James Ward long ago pointed out, is not evolution at all. Yet we shall probably find the die-hards of Darwinism continuing to proclaim man's descent from the ape, although, as General Smuts asserts, "the viewpoint of creative Evolution is to-day embraced by scientists and philosophers generally" (p. 85). If it is true, and it is true, that man is "a new specific form of a stable kind," he is such in virtue of a creative act as regards at least the "whole-making" factor in his composition, though we need not agree with General Smuts that the creative act or the "whole-making" factor is immanent in nature. It is Holism which is "the motive force behind Evolution," and "it is creative of all characters of the universe" (p. 99). "New characters are created and, on the basis of them, new varietal or specific forms of a stable kind arise" (p. 90). That is, evolution so defined can not only create new varieties, but, more wonderful still, it can take a jump and create those mutations, from the development of which it is probable that new species are derived. Further, "it involves the creative rise not only of new forms or groupings but even of new materials in the process of evolution" (p. 85). And "this," we are finally told, "is the view of Evolution to-day commonly held!"

Now, if modern scientists and philosophers can thus extend the old meaning of the abstract term "evolution" to make it stand for a "creative" act, why should it not embrace as well those hierarchical "forms" which, as the reflections of higher mind, are, according to Scholasticism, the integrating principles of concrete reality? These forms at every step of their diffusion in a downward process, become united with

"disposed matter" and are thus the formal causes of the ascent. "Nature," says St. Thomas, "is nothing else than the principle (ratio) of a certain divine Art implanted in things" (Lib. II. Physicorum Aristotelis, Lectio XIV.); and those artistic "creations" of which we speak have a certain analogy to the design that is being continuously fashioned by a transcendent Power with which the forces of nature may be said to co-operate. These may or may not be dominant, according to the wise guidance of the Supreme Controller. In this process, then, no more than General Smuts, do we postulate any "absolute creation of an alien world from nothing." The theory of the original creation of the universe from nothing stands where it has always stood. It holds the field because there is no other to take its place. One need not follow Sir James Jeans in his discovery, proclaimed in his now famous Rede Lecture, that "the great Architect of the universe now begins to appear as a pure mathematician," while agreeing with him that "there must have been what we may describe as 'a creation' at a time not infinitely remote. . . Modern scientific theory compels us to think of the Creator as working outside time and space, which are part of His creation, just as the artist is outside his canvas." But as the mind of an artist transcends the work that he "creates," so the Creator, while He is immanent at every level, enabling secondary causes to act, must be transcendent over all; just as the soul transcends the body in which it is immanent. The hypothesis of a self-lifting power on the part of mind, in the words of General Smuts, "advancing step by step in its creative march" leads to the conclusion that "in man it has become nature's supreme organ of understanding, endeavour and control—not merely a subjective human organ, but nature's own power of self-illumination and self-mastery. 'The eye with which the universe beholds and knows itself divine'." A *deus ex machina* indeed! But has not General Smuts some misgiving about this reasoning? It would seem so, since he finds himself reduced to the admission of miracle, in spite of his claim that "Holism as the creative principle . . . is a real *vera causa*" (p. 99).

When there was achieved the marvellous and mysterious constellation of electrical units in the atom, a miracle was wrought which saved the world of matter from utter chaos and chance. But a far greater miracle

was wrought when from the atomic and molecular order there was evolved a still deeper and subtler order in the inner co-operative creative harmony of the cell. These two fundamental structures are the great abiding achievements in the course of Evolution, before the advent of Mind (pp. 83, 84).

And of course the evolution of Mind must have been a greater miracle still. But miracles, any more than *entia*, are not to be multiplied without necessity.

The assumption that a rise from one level of being to another can be defended by shelving the whole question of causality is not good philosophy whatever may be said of such science as is content to be merely descriptive. Nevertheless we are asked to believe that the world, "evolving" from lower levels, can perform these wonders at higher levels, though about them antecedently it can know nothing. Life is described as a "principle of organization whereby the space-time patterns are organized into organic unity." But a pattern is only another name for a design, and design is unthinkable except as the expression of higher mind; and to say that "mind has found expression in a rising series which begins practically on the lowest levels of life and rises ultimately to the conscious mind," is merely the description of what appears to the senses, and not the provision of a *vera causa*. If it be a fact that "we seem to pass from one level to another in the evolution of the universe," then according to the theory of "epigenesis" what our senses tell us is not the real truth. What "seems" to take place is not to be trusted as a philosophical explanation. Better call it a mere "description." Such is the solution of Dr. Cole who, from the point of view of an embryologist, has made an able and careful study of the whole question. "If," he writes, "development should seem to be accomplished by epigenesis, our senses deceive us. A mask of falsehood obscures the whole face of nature. Development is a complete illusion, or what appears to arise only emerges from a state of invisibility to one of visibility."<sup>1</sup> Hence James Ward suggested that the theory is destructive of the scholastic axiom that there is nothing in the intellect which was not first in the senses. The fact is, that a strict scientific demonstration

<sup>1</sup> "The Relation between Descriptive and Experimental Embryology." By D. H. Woodger, D.Sc. Being a Review of "Early Theories of Sexual Generation." By F. I. Cole, F.R.S. Clarendon Press. P. 99. 1930.

of what takes place is impossible, and though it is difficult to conceive the formation of the germ by epigenesis there can be no questioning of the facts. Nor is epigenesis confined to the germ. "There is obviously much undoubted epigenesis not only in visible ontogeny but even in the behaviour of the developing ovum, although the latter phenomena cannot be correlated with any structural peculiarities observable under the microscope" (p. 209). Hence, epigenesis should be assigned to the sphere of "descriptive embryology," which is virtually an admission that we know little or nothing about the causes of development.

Professor Boodin in his *Philosophy* article arrives at the same conclusion with regard to the theory of Emergent Evolution which is not radically different from that of "Holism." "All we need to do is to examine what sort of configurations give rise to such properties as life and mind" in order to realize that it is "merely descriptive."

We may concede to General Smuts that "matter, life and mind are but different stages or levels of the same activity," but that activity is transcendent, and not "in the world," which world he says he has "associated with the pervading feature of whole-making," though we may admit that the forces of Nature play their part as secondary causes. It is a very inconsequent conclusion which General Smuts draws when he writes that "if activity is the essence of the universe we see more easily why the universe is evolutionary and historical rather than static and unchangeable" (p. 328). Admittedly activity is of the essence of the universe, and at its highest it is life in its most perfect form, descending in hierarchical order until it becomes at the physical level the activity of external movement. To discover the source of reality we must look above, not below; for the perfect is before the imperfect, and what is imperfect is only such in relation to the perfect. It is therefore a hopeless supposition that the "fundamental concept of Holism will bring us nearer to that unitary or monistic conception of the universe, which is the immanent ideal of all scientific and philosophic speculation" (p. 108)! Dr. Cole is on safer ground in suggesting epigenesis as "a first step towards a comprehension of the final causes of development" (p. 209). But General Smuts will have nothing to do with final causes. How completely he fails to grasp the teleological argument may be seen from the bogey of the "purposive universe" which he sets up in



order that he may knock it down. "If there is purpose there must be Mind behind that purpose. And this Mind comes to be personified in Nature as the source of the great evolutionary purpose which the world discloses" (p. 342); and he may well ask: "Do the facts warrant or necessitate such tremendous assumptions? Would it not rather seem that the whole basis of this reasoning is unsound and false?" It is unsound and false, because immanent Mind becoming personified in Nature is *not* "the source of the great evolutionary purpose." His assumption that "all purposive and teleological activity is to be attributed to something organic and holistic in Nature, which shapes, ends and directs her courses," is unwarranted. For, what have ends to do with an evolving system? Nothing, as Bergson saw. But when it suits him or when his argument needs it General Smuts can even appeal to "transcendence." For, finding it impossible to argue from the parts to the whole, which is something "creatively new," he admits that the whole transcends them. "It is creative evolution which synthesises the parts into a new entity, not only differing from them, but quite transcending them" (p. 341). But as evolution works from below, transcendence can have no place in a monistic system. The soul, for instance, which transcends the body, can itself only have a transcendent origin.

We conclude, therefore, that the theory of "Holism" as elaborated by General Smuts contains many gratuitous assumptions and is lacking in logical foundation. Still, the fact that it is an attempt to treat the subject of evolution from the philosophical point of view is gratifying and is a reminder that the solution of the question does not lie altogether with the scientist, though he is within his province in bringing forward *facts* which he is qualified to enumerate and describe. But not a little of what modern science has to tell us may be interpreted in the light of some pregnant words of St. Thomas: "Such is the order of things that higher beings are more perfect than the lower, and that which is contained in the lower in a declining (*deficienter*), partial and multiple manner is contained in the higher eminently and in a certain wholeness and simplicity; and thus in God as the highest all things pre-exist supersubstantially and in accordance with His simple Being itself" (1. q. 57, a. 1. c.).

JOHN ASHTON.



## SPIRITUALISTS IN ADVERSITY

### II

SINCE the appearance of the first portion of this paper, I have received, through the kindness of Father C. M. de Heredia, S.J., a copy of his new book, written in Spanish and published in Mexico, "Los Fraudes Espiritistas y los Fenomenos Metapsiquicos." This volume, while reproducing the substance of the author's earlier English work, "Spiritism and Common Sense," is much more bulky and contains a great deal of new matter. It claims, naturally, a separate review, and I mention it here only to note that Father de Heredia does not withdraw from the position which he had previously taken up of denying that any conclusive evidence has yet been given which would show that the physical phenomena of Spiritualism are incapable of explanation by normal agency. He admits that there may possibly be such phenomena, but considers it superfluous to embark upon any discussion of their origin or mode of production, so long as we are not satisfied of the occurrence of manifestations which transcend the ingenuity of a clever illusionist. He describes, as before, a number of astonishing deceptions that may be effected by pure sleight of hand, and illustrates them pictorially by photographs of kindred phenomena with which he himself is accustomed to mystify his audience in lecturing on the subject.

Although Father de Heredia does not devote much space to the exposures of mediums, he seems satisfied that the "ectoplasm"—associated with the dark séances of Marthe Béraud, alias Eva C., and widely advertised through the photographs of von Schrenck-Notzing, Geley and Mme. Bisson—was simply gauze secreted within the rim of the three big combs which he says that she wore. By way of illustration, we may see, in the photographs which the Father reproduces, some surprising examples of the amount of gauze which can be stowed away in so tiny a receptacle. None the less, in Eva's sittings with Dr. Geley in 1918, she seems not to have worn more than two side-combs. I can only speak from the pictures which appear in Dr. Geley's book, "Clairvoyance and Materialization." On the other hand, these pictures show the production of a considerable amount of "ecto-

plasm," as well as several materialized faces.<sup>1</sup> Father de Heredia quotes Houdini as attributing the appearance of the white substance to regurgitation, but he himself seems to adhere to the comb theory, though he does not formulate any suggestion as to the method by which the medium, especially when her hands were controlled, as in the London séances, was able to extract the gauze from the combs and make it appear to issue from her mouth or other facial orifices.

That regurgitation, supposing Eva's phenomena to have been faked, offers the most probable explanation of the profusion of whitish substance, moulded sometimes into the semblance of rudely formed hands and containing on occasion faces and figures in the flat, is rendered probable by the recent exposure of the medium, Mrs. Henry Duncan, at "the National Laboratory of Psychical Research," now installed at 13d, Roland Gardens, S.W. The history of this particular *Entlarvung* (unmasking)—to employ the phrase which German usage consecrates to such not-infrequent episodes in the annals of metapsychics—is in many ways remarkable. The reader interested in the subject may learn the facts in the fullest detail from the very able and convincing study of the case published by Mr. Harry Price, the Honorary Director of the Laboratory.<sup>2</sup> It is not, of course, possible to provide more than a brief resumé in the present article. Perhaps the most curious feature of this mediumship is the confidence with which Mrs. Duncan and her husband showed themselves willing to face a rigidly scientific investigation, believing apparently that they were safe from detection. After a successful career in Scotland—they come from Dundee—they accepted a series of engagements in London at the invitation of the London Spiritualist Alliance and other organizations. Mr. Harry Price, struck by the fact that Mrs. Duncan's manifestations, according to reports which he had read, were produced in an unusually good light, invited her to give a short series of séances at the Laboratory in the May of this year. The invitation was readily accepted, and no difficulties were made

<sup>1</sup> There can be no reason to suspect any faking in the photographs. Dr. Geley may have been deceived, but he was certainly not a confederate. The ectoplasm, which is also called teleplasm, is the mysterious substance said to be exuded by the medium. It is sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, and is supposed to be the material by which objects are moved, and out of which materialized forms are built up.

<sup>2</sup> "Bulletin of the National Laboratory of Psychic Research—Regurgitation and the Duncan Mediumship." By Harry Price. With 44 illustrations. London. Published at 13d, Roland Gardens, S.W. Price, 5s. net.

as to the medium submitting to the most rigid conditions of search and control. For the five sittings which actually took place a sum was paid of £48 17s. od.

Mrs. Duncan, the medium, is 32 years of age, and, though no more than 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighs over 17 stone. She is, consequently, a stout woman, measuring 57 inches round the chest, and 54 inches round the hips. She is said to have bad health, and has several times been treated in hospital. Mediumistic powers had been claimed for her from her early years, and at her séances a voice is heard which purports to be that of a certain "Albert," a spirit who takes virtual charge of the proceedings and makes himself responsible for the phenomena produced. Albert's voice, in the opinion of the trained observers who were present on different occasions, was not convincing. It sounded very much like that which is heard from the ventriloquist's doll in music hall turns. There was also another control, "Peggy Hazeldine," who spoke, and allowed her photograph to be taken; that is to say, that when a photograph was taken at a certain stage in the fourth séance, a girl's face showed, apparently embedded in the ectoplasm. As stated above, the amount of light which "Albert" permitted was unusually good throughout all the sittings. Though it was not white light, but orange-red, it allowed every person in the room to be plainly seen. "The sitters," says Mr. Price, "were astonished at the extraordinary illumination permitted by the conditions—so very unusual in the case of materializing mediums." It should be mentioned, also, as a point in favour of the Duncans that they raised no objection to a thorough investigation of the medium's person. This extended even to a vaginal and rectal examination which was carried out by a former midwifery nurse in presence of Dr. William Brown, F.R.C.P., a well-known specialist in psychology and psycho-therapy. Further, Mrs. Duncan expressed her willingness to consent to the use of a stomach-pump before or after a séance if such a procedure was thought necessary. The offer was, however, declined, and it is probable that if the stomach-pump had been used, it would have been clogged by the woven substance which figured as ectoplasm, and that nothing would have resulted.

To detail the incidents which occurred during the five séances would be impossible here. At each of the first four an immense sheet of "ectoplasm," proceeding exclusively

from the medium's mouth, though attempts seem to have been made to suggest that it also came from the nose and ears, covered the whole front of her person, trailing upon the ground when she rose to her feet. Flashlight photographs were taken at intervals, and the very excellent apparatus used has allowed these photographs to be almost indefinitely enlarged. When studied in this way, the substance revealed itself as beyond all doubt a woven texture, in which the warp and the weft could be plainly distinguished, in which there were many notable rents, in which the selvedge plainly showed at the edges, and in which traces could be discerned of the creases caused by the way in which it had been at some time folded. The numerous reproductions in Mr. Price's volume make the matter perfectly plain to even a purblind reader. If this is teleplasm, then teleplasm differs in no respect from the ordinary cheese-cloth which can be bought very cheaply at any Woolworth establishment. Moreover, one of Mr. Price's illustrations shows that a piece of such cheese-cloth six feet long, thirty inches wide, and weighing only an ounce and a half, can be squeezed tightly into a roll which could, without difficulty, be held in the mouth. At an early stage in the proceedings, the observers were convinced that the substance was nothing else but cheese-cloth, and there was strong temptation to cut off a fragment. But as an undertaking had been, implicitly though not formally, given that in the course of these materialization séances there should be no snatching—the assumption being that any injury to the ectoplasm causes a violent and sudden reabsorption of the substance which is not only painful but extremely dangerous to the medium—it was very rightly decided that the conditions should not be broken. "Albert," indeed, when permission was asked to cut off a portion of the ectoplasm, promised that he would do his best to accede to their request, implying that the thing was not impossible, but it was only in the fifth séance, under different conditions, that some of the substance averred to be ectoplasm was actually secured.

But the cheese-cloth material was not the only feature which suggested that the phenomena were susceptible of an explanation which involved no preter-normal agencies. A hand which was seen in the third séance coming from the medium's mouth, was in due course photographed. This, when hanging down at the end of a strip of "ectoplasm," and also in a crumpled-up condition, leaves an unmistakable impression,

even in the half-tone reproductions, of being nothing more than a rubber surgical glove. There is a grayish shiny gloss upon it which marks it off clearly from the white material and is equally inconsistent with its being a hand of flesh and blood. What is more, a small safety-pin came into view on this and another occasion, and though it showed itself in the middle of the "ectoplasm," it is difficult to suppose that it can have had an ectoplasmic origin. Again, the girl's face, already referred to, which was conspicuous in the middle of "ectoplasm" in the fourth séance, was, we are told, not a solid face in three dimensions, but simply a picture in the flat.

A very painful scene marked the conclusion of the fourth séance. Before the sitting ended, the medium's nose had begun to bleed, possibly in the effort to extrude material through that organ, or from the cavity behind. She persevered with the phenomena for a while, but the effort may very probably have resulted in a state of extreme nervous tension. Anyway, preparations had previously been made to X-ray Mrs. Duncan at the conclusion of the séance, and her husband, on being consulted "cordially agreed to this, especially as his wife had often expressed her willingness to undergo the test." She was told that she had simply to lie down and that the radiographing would be done in the presence of Dr. William Brown, Prof. McDougall, Prof. Flügel, and Prof. Fraser-Harris,<sup>1</sup> who had all attended the séance. For some reason the formidable display of apparatus for the X-ray examination seemed thoroughly to frighten Mrs. Duncan, and when her husband urged her to submit, she grew infuriated and "dealt him a smashing blow on the face." Another lunge was made at Dr. William Brown, who dodged out of the way, but, after calming a little, she sat down in the entrance hall and Dr. Brown went to fetch her a glass of water. Thereupon,

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, she jumped up, pushed Mrs. Goldney aside, unfastened the door and dashed into the street, where she had another attack of hysterics. Her husband dashed after her, followed by other sitters. She was found clutching the railings, screaming, and Mr. Duncan was trying to pacify her.

Despite this contretemps, a fifth séance was arranged for,

<sup>1</sup> It need hardly be pointed out that these four gentlemen are eminent experts of world-wide reputation. Professor McDougall is a former President of the Society for Psychical Research, and all of them are distinguished as psychologists.

which took place a week later. On this occasion "Albert" stated that he could not stay long. Very little occurred, but "Albert" said, "You asked me to allow you to cut something off, I will allow you to cut it off and then I will have to go." It is to be noted that there was now no all-enveloping cloak of ectoplasm, as there had been before, but there was a white strip of something about twelve inches long, hanging from the medium's mouth. The piece was cut, and some talk followed in an attempt to persuade "Albert" to do something more, but the medium's nose again bled and the sitting had to be closed. The ectoplasm cut off was submitted to various scientific experts, chemists and microscopists and paper makers. They were unanimous in reporting that the stuff was merely a cheap kind of paper. It was obviously something quite different from the cheese-cloth which had appeared in the first four sésances. Very probably some remark had been overheard which suggested that the true nature of the ectoplasm previously displayed had been discovered. Still, although all the sitters on the first four occasions were agreed that the substance they saw was nothing but cheese-cloth or butter-muslin, there was not unanimity upon the question as to how it was secreted, produced and again made to disappear. Mr. Harry Price is satisfied that regurgitation provides the only solution of the mystery, and he has used this word on the title of his book. But although the medical men concerned in the case—and there were several of very high standing who were present at one or more of the sittings—were generally agreed that not only could the stuff be lodged in an œsophagal pouch, but also in the true stomach, nevertheless, they were not unanimous in pronouncing definitely for that solution. Dr. Brown, for example, inclined to the opinion that the material produced was concealed about her person by clever prestidigitation.

It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the number of fraudulent mediums does not seem to be diminishing with the spread of spiritualism. As Mr. Harry Price points out, C. A. Beare, a "certificated" clairvoyant and trumpet medium, has recently made a clean breast of his impostures; while in Cape Town, South Africa, the Falconer case in which two men (brothers ?) of that name, hailing from Glasgow, after a trial lasting twenty-six days, were sentenced each to a fine of £150 or in default to twelve months hard labour, has caused a very considerable sensation. The charge in this case was one of

imposture by producing faked spirit photographs. As reported by a correspondent of the *Church Times* (October 30, 1931), the magistrate said :

that a most careful study of the evidence left nothing which would justify him in saying that the "spirit photographs" were genuine. He found that they were absolute frauds and nothing else. Deliberate, calculated fraud of the worst kind had been committed. He chose these words deliberately, because the accused had preyed upon the feelings of credulous persons, and had committed their frauds under the cloak of religion. Such frauds made a mockery of religion.

For offenders of this type no sort of sympathy can be felt, but I am not by any means sure that quite the same condemnation ought to be passed upon such a medium as Valiantine, or even upon the Duncans. There are curious features in both cases which raise the question of suggestibility, that extraordinary faculty of being influenced by the brain-waves of those around us, which is mainly responsible for the varied phenomena of the so-called hysterical subject.

That Valiantine possesses genuine mediumistic powers seems to me, as I have explained in my previous article, to be clearly demonstrated—more clearly, perhaps, than in the case of any medium since the days of D. D. Home. The facts alleged in Dr. Piero Bon's two contributions to *Luce e Ombra* under the title "Contro l'ipotesi del trucco nelle sedute con G. Valiantine"<sup>1</sup> must bring conviction to any unprejudiced reader. But in the course of the same discussion Dr. Bon points out that when Valiantine gave his sittings at Genoa, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of mistrust, and what was more than mistrust, a distinct anticipation that he was going to be detected in some sort of imposture. This had apparently arisen out of a warning given by the control, Cristo d'Angelo, at the Castle Millesimo, some months previously. The voice had said that when Valiantine came to Italy<sup>2</sup> a mystery would be divulged, and then the same voice, seeming to wish to recall the words, had exacted a promise from each person present that no record should be made of this utterance in the minutes of the séance, and that no one should

<sup>1</sup> *Luce e Ombra*, May—June and July, 1930.

<sup>2</sup> It is curious that there was at the time no talk of Valiantine's visiting Italy. The invitation was given to him much later on by Dr. Piero Bon himself.



speak of it. The words of Cristo d'Angelo were, however, remembered, and when Valiantine at a later date was known to have arranged for a visit to Genoa, attempts were made to ascertain what this disclosure was likely to be. Cristo d'Angelo's living voice was then in abeyance, but the Marquis Centurione Scotto, in trance, announced, seemingly in the person of that control, that Valiantine would be caught speaking into the trumpet and pretending to produce the voice of Dr. Barnett. However it may have happened, this story got about, and the atmosphere of the circle at Genoa, so Dr. Bon assures us, was an atmosphere of suspicion, in which the thought of the majority of those present was concentrated upon the exposure of fraud expected to occur before the close. In these conditions the susceptible mind of the medium, we are told, succumbed to this battery of suggestion and the séance ended in his doing the very thing which they anticipated he was going to do.<sup>1</sup>

Clearly this way of looking at things supplies a very convenient excuse for psychics detected in imposture. "I did it," such a one will always be able to urge, "because your minds were set upon it and the collective suggestion was so strong that I could not resist." The plea sounds ridiculous enough, but I confess that I am not sure that it ought on that account to be summarily rejected. The power of unspoken suggestion, an influence hardly dreamed of by the neurologists of an earlier age, is now every day coming to be more fully recognized. Charcot's once famous "stigmata" of hysteria have been shown to be mainly due to the unconscious suggestion of the physician himself.<sup>2</sup> The cures of Christian Science healers—and the occurrence of such cures can hardly be denied—are almost certainly attributable to influences of the same nature. That genuine psychics, especially when entranced, are exceptionally suggestible, is at least antecedently probable, for they are in a hypnotic condition, and the prompting to perform certain acts, or to give utterance to certain words, while it seems to come most powerfully from the discarnate agencies by whom they are habitually controlled, is not necessarily confined to these. The mental radiations of those with whom they are in contact in the séance room

<sup>1</sup> There is no satisfactory evidence that Valiantine was actually detected in trickery at Genoa. At best it can only be said that he behaved suspiciously.

<sup>2</sup> See, for example, A. F. Hurst's Croonian Lectures on "The Psychology of the Special Senses," pp. 2—3, corroborated by the abundant evidence recorded in the rest of the volume.



may also affect these sensitives, and we know so little about the operation of such forces that it is very hard to deny the possibility that in certain conditions the terrene influences may be dominant. Moreover, we have to consider the supposition entertained by many who are familiar with these matters, that the suggestion to produce fraudulent phenomena may come directly from mischievous or malicious agencies on the other side with whom the medium has contracted some relation. Stainton Moses was a psychic who had a large experience in his own person of both mental and physical phenomena, and no one could speak more strongly than he does, in his "Spirit Teachings" and other books, of the extreme difficulty of detecting impersonators, and of pronouncing upon the integrity or lack of integrity of the controls with whom he found himself in contact.

In the case of Valiantine, what stands out most clearly is the fact that his genuine phenomena were so abundant and his reputation so assured that he had absolutely no need to produce manifestations fraudulently. The medium who depends for his daily bread upon the clients he attracts cannot afford to give them nothing at all in return for the fees they pay him. He soon finds himself deserted and starving, if in sitting after sitting he obtains no positive results. The temptation is great to retrieve the situation by trickery. Valiantine was certainly not in this case. The imprint said to be made by Lord Dewar, but which proved to be an impression of Valiantine's left big toe, was produced on February 23, 1931, but only on the previous evening Mr. Bradley testifies to the occurrence of living voice phenomena of the most evidential kind. For example, he says:

Of the "guide voices," Pat O'Brien spoke with us volubly in his usual manner; "Black Foot" in his deep tones from the centre of the circle, spoke with us on two or three occasions; "Kokum" in his powerful voice spoke independently from a region somewhere near the ceiling; "Cristo d'Angelo" spoke to us in Italian, and then upon request sang in that language in vibrant tones, the sound of his voice coming from high up in the room, some twelve feet away from where Valiantine was sitting. The unusual Chinese voice of another guide—"Chang Wei"—spoke a few words to us in pidgin-English, and then sang a quaint song in his own language.

There were also many others, including Mr. Bradley's father, and Mr. Bradley states :

The fluency of the voices, which spoke practically without a pause for ninety minutes, was phenomenal. At one time three voices were heard speaking together one across the other, two from high up in the room, and one from the centre of the floor : "Kokum," "Bert Everett," and "Black Foot"—all overlapping. "Kokum" shouting his remarks in a tremendous tone, and the shrill voice of "Bert Everett" making jocular remarks regarding the other two.

Nevertheless, on the very next evening Valiantine had recourse to the flagrant piece of trickery just referred to and has certainly forfeited for ever the confidence of a good many people who believed in him. Why did he do it? One curious point is that the little company assembled should have been so suspicious as to lay traps for him, taking impressions of the toes of all, and a few days later colouring the plasticine with methylene green. Still more curious is the remark made by Valiantine when Mr. Bradley and his friends, after obtaining convincing evidence by a careful study of the imprints, challenged him point blank to own up to the fraud. The medium, we are told, "collapsed utterly and burst into a violent fit of sobbing." He lost consciousness, and seemed in danger of a stroke. It was an hour or more before he recovered sufficiently to be able, with the assistance of Mr. Bradley's arm, to go up to his room.

He thanked me [writes that gentleman] for helping him, speaking in heart-broken tones, almost like a child. He sat limply on his bed, his eyes looking into space, and, not as if he was addressing me, he said in broken tones : "Why did they do this to me? Why did they do this to me?" These words were said in a manner difficult to describe. Strange as it may seem, I do not believe that he meant by "they" to refer to Mr. Jaquin or me or any of us.

It certainly seems highly probable that those whom he blamed as the cause of this disgrace were not the people who had been present at the séance, but the spirit guides in whose hands he had left himself and his reputation. The remark,

to my thinking, implies that he had been impelled by these agencies to risk the imposture and that they had let him down. I am strongly inclined to believe that in the repeated cases of fraud and exposure occurring with those who have genuine psychic powers—for example, with Eusapia Palladino, Florence Cook, and many others—the impulse to cheat does come from freakish or malicious spirits in whom they ordinarily trust and that the mediums are only partially responsible. Of course, they suffer, and deserve to suffer, in consequence, and the fact that there is hardly a single psychic medium who has not at some time been detected in trickery is only an additional proof of the very undesirable character of the communications to which they devote their lives.

In the case of the Duncans, it seems hardly possible to suppose that they can have acted in any sort of good faith, and yet even here, the willingness to allow so much light, to submit to any sort of test and to allow the faked ectoplasm to be cut off and analysed, would almost point to a confidence that what they produced was a genuine manifestation, guaranteed by the spirits. But once again, if attempted intercourse with another world can produce such delusions, it is clearly not a healthy influence which is likely to raise the moral tone of mankind.

HERBERT THURSTON.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

DRYDEN'S ODE ON ST. LUCY'S DAY.

"A PINDARIQUE Ode by Mr. Dryden," found in manuscript at Tixall, appeared in "Tixall Poetry," edited by Arthur Clifford, Esq. (Edinburgh, 1813). It may not be Dryden at his lyric best, but it is worth reprinting and annotating for interests other than literary, as it shows his attitude towards our martyrs before he became a Catholic. As the title indicates it was written for a special occasion.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF  
THE FAIR AND VERTUOUS LADY, MRS. ANASTASIA STAFFORD  
WITH THAT TRULY WORTHY AND PIOUS GENT  
GEORGE HOLMAN ESQ:

### I

When nature in our northern hemisphere,  
Had shortened day-light and deform'd the year;  
    When the departing sun  
        Was to our adverse tropique run;  
    And fair St. Lucy, with the borrow'd light,  
    Of moon and stars, had lengthen'd night;  
What more than summer's day slipt in by chance,  
    To beautify the calendar?  
What made a spring, in midst of winter to advance,  
And the cold seasons leap into a youthfull dance,  
    To rouse the drooping year?  
Was this by miracle, or did they rise  
By the bright beams of Anastasia's eyes?  
    To light our frozen clime,  
And happily for us, mistook their time?  
'Twas so, and 'twas imported in her name;  
From her, their glorious resurrection came,  
    And she renewed their perisht flame.  
The God of nature did the same:  
His birth the depth of winter did adorn,  
And she, to marriage then, her second birth, was born.  
    Her pious family in every state,  
    Their great Redeemer well can imitate.  
They have a right in heaven, an early place;  
The beauteous bride is of a martyr's race:  
    And he above with joy looks down,  
I see, I see him blaze with his immortal crown.  
    He, on her nuptials, does his beams dispense,  
    Blessing the day with better influence;  
He looks from heaven with joy, and gives her joy from thence.

The bride had three martyrs in her pedigree. Her mother, heiress of Stafford, descended from Blessed Margaret Plan-

tagenet, Countess of Salisbury. Her father, Blessed William Howard, Viscount Stafford, was grandson of Blessed Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel.

When Stafford was brought to trial on St. Andrew's Day, 1680, Anastasia and her elder sister, Lady Winchester, were beside him "sitting near the headman's axe." The trial excited public interest: it lasted a week, the House of Lords sat as judges, the House of Commons prosecuted. The lawyers who spoke in turn against the accused made it clear in their speeches that religion and not treason was his real offence. But the verdict went against him, and it was as plain William Howard that Viscount Stafford was beheaded (December 29, 1680).

"I have a great confidence," he said on the scaffold, "that it will please Almighty God in a short time to bring the truth to light."

"God bless you, my Lord. We believe you, my Lord," came an answering cry from the crowd.

II

Now, let the reasonable beast, called man;  
 Let those who never truly scan  
 The effects of sacred Providence,  
 But measure all by the grosse rules of sence;  
 Let those look up and steer their sight,  
 By the great Stafford's light.  
 The God that suffered him to suffer here,  
 Rewards his race, and blesses them below,  
 Their father's innocence and truth to show;  
 To show he holds the blood of martyrs dear;  
 He crowned the father with a deathless diadem;  
 And all the days from him he took,  
 He numbred out in his eternal book;  
 And said, let these be safely kept for them,  
 The long descendants of that hallow'd stem.  
 To dry the mournful widow's tears,  
 Let all those dayes be turn'd to years,  
 And all those years be whiten'd too;  
 Still some new blessing let them bring,  
 To those who from my martyr spring;  
 Still let them bloom, and still bestow  
 Some new content upon his race below.  
 Let their first revolution  
 Bestow a bride upon his darling son,  
 And crown those nuptials with a swift increase,  
 Such as the emptied ark did blesse.

Within the twelvemonth Stafford's "darling son," John, married Mary Southcote, granddaughter of "the magnificent Lord Aston," whose hospitality at Tixall the martyr had often enjoyed. Two of their sons became Earls of Stafford, one of their daughters was mother to Mary Plowden, who "engrafted on the time-honoured stock of Jerningham, that branch of Stafford on which the long attained title was to blossom afresh."

Dryden fixes for us the day and the month of Anastasia's wedding, for the feast of St. Lucy falls on December 13th. The year is not precisely indicated, but it cannot have been later than 1684, for "the vertuous mistress Anastasia" became Lady Anastasia when her mother received her summons as Countess Stafford to the coronation of James II. The outlook was hopeful for Catholics in 1684: Oates was discredited, Shaftesbury in exile, a Catholic was recognized as Heir Apparent to the throne.

The poet likens the persecution to the Deluge, and France to the Ark which harboured the faithful remnant. He continues the metaphor of the "emptied ark" in his prayer for God's blessing on the bride.

Then as the storms are more allayed,  
And waves decayed  
Send out the beauteous, blooming maid  
And let that virgin dove bring to her home again  
An olive branch of peace in triumph o'er the main.

The bridegroom, George Holman, had spent more than half his life in France. He was received into the Church in early manhood. His father was angry and the Roundheads were in power, so he went abroad to practise his religion amid Catholic surroundings. After his father's death in 1669 he was rich enough to help his fellow-exiles less happily circumstanced. By his help the English seminary at Paris was put on a surer footing and many a Church student owed him his education.

Meanwhile his brother John administered faithfully and discreetly his estate of Warkworth Castle. When a list of Northampton Papists was before the House of Lords in connection with Oates's plot, "John Holman deposed that he knew not that his brother George was a Papist, but that he was abroad in Paris and had been so for thirty years. He had often heard George express his hatred for Jesuits." So the name of George Holman was left out of the Bill.

For whom, ye heavens! have ye reserv'd this joy?  
Let us behold the man you chose;  
How well you can your cares employ,  
And to what armes your maid dispose:  
Your maid, whom you have chang'd, but cannot lose:  
Chang'd as the morn into the day,  
As virgin snow that melts away,  
And, by its kindly moisture, makes new flowers to grow.  
See then, a bridegroom worthy such a bride!  
Never was happy pair so fitly tied;  
Never were virtues more allied;  
United in a most auspicious hour—  
A martyr's daughter weds a confessor!

When innocence and truth became a crime,  
By voluntary banishment,  
He left our sacrilegious clime,  
And to a forrain country went;

Or rather, there, by Providence was sent:  
 For Providence designed him to reside,  
 Where he, from his abundant stock,  
 Might nourish God's afflicted flock,  
 And as his steward, for their wants provide.  
 A troop of exiles on his bounty fed,  
 They sought, and found with him their daily bread;  
 As the large troop increast, the larger table spread.  
 The cruise ne're emptied, nor the store  
 Decreased the more;  
 For God supplied him still to give, who gave in God's own stead.  
 Thus when the raging dearth  
 Afflicted all the Egyptian earth;  
 When scanty Nile no more his bounty dealt,  
 And Jacob, even in Canaan, famine felt;  
 God sent a Joseph out before  
 His father and his brethren to restore:  
 Their sacks were filled with corn, with generous wine  
 Their soules refresht, their ebbing store,  
 Still when they came, supplied with more,  
 And doubled was their corn:  
 Joseph himself by giving greater grew,  
 And from his loins a double tribe increased the chosen crew.

George Holman died in 1698. Lady Anastasia died in 1719 at the age of 73. During her long widowhood she continued her husband's apostolate of mercy. Warkworth Castle was still a refuge for hunted priests; a centre of hospitality for rich and poor alike. The learned and devout Gotther was resident chaplain—a brilliant controversialist, "the only man besides myself who can write good English," Dryden was wont to say. At Warkworth, Gotther received into the Church a boy of thirteen, the future Bishop Challoner, and Lady Anastasia paid for his education at Douai.

Meanwhile her own nine children were growing up good Catholics. Anne the youngest married her first cousin, William, second Earl of Stafford. There were four children of this marriage—William Matthias, Mary, Comtesse de Rohan-Chabot, Anastasia and Anne, both of whom entered with the "Blue Nuns" in Paris.

On the death of William Matthias (1751) the Earldom, a male fief, passed to his uncle, John Paul. But his sisters were co-heiresses to the barony of Stafford, which remained in abeyance until the death of Lady Anastasia, in Religion Sister Ursula (1807).

The Jerninghams of Costessey were the next of kin to these ladies.

In 1884 the attainder against the martyred Viscount was reversed by Act of Parliament, and soon afterwards his heir-at-law, Sir George Jerningham, took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Stafford. The new peer's mother wrote in playful



prophecy which recalls Dryden's Scriptural simile, "I shall have a posterity like Abraham, in number as the stars."

There is a chart of families descended from this lady's four children in "Sir W. Howard, Viscount Stafford" (Sands, 1929).

In St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, is the tomb of Eleanor of Gloucester, Countess of Stafford and granddaughter of Edward III. Here, too, the martyr's widow was buried in 1693; here her son, Earl Henry, in 1719; here her grandson, John Paul, the last Earl, in 1762. The grave was opened for the last time in 1769 at the funeral of Mary, Comtesse de Rohan-Chabot.

And the relics of Blessed William Howard, Viscount Stafford, what of them?

On the morrow of his martyrdom (December 30, 1680) it was stated in Muddiman's *Newsletter* that the king had granted Lord Stafford's body, "on petition," to his family.

S.N.D.

#### POLAND AND CHRISTENDOM.

**I**F we are to see the workings of God in history and Divine retribution in the lives of nations, surely the revival of Poland is an event of supernatural, no less than of international, importance. The statement sounds exaggerated; if so, it is also an exaggeration to say that St. Joan heard the voices of angels at Domremy. The test here is that miracle followed miracle, so that the history of her time was plainly not of man's making alone. An obscure peasant girl saw visions, she took arms, she had her king anointed when all his warriors and counsellors were powerless to help him, and he was too indolent to help himself.

So it has been with Poland. Throughout the last century the Partitions of Poland were acknowledged to be a political crime of the first order. The crime was avowed, cynically or shamefacedly, by its perpetrators; but all the time they piled new wrongs upon the old whenever the Poles showed signs of resistance, until as we look back we see the whole century shaken with that quarrel, whether with the rebellions of '31, '48 and '63, or with the depopulation of Lithuania, or with the persecution of the Uniates, or with the Kulturkampf, or with the unending deportations to Siberia. The Poles protested in other countries and the men of other countries agreed with their protests. Even the diplomats attempted to manipulate their relief; but Poland was held in the claws of three Empires, whose differing policies were, in this one point, alike. If Poland was to be liberated, three Empires had to fall. What was more,

they had to fall simultaneously, for if only one succumbed the others would devour at once what was its share of Poland. Three Empires do not fall together once in a thousand years.

In our generation we have seen that impossible thing take place, and Poland liberated. Two years later we saw something quite as remarkable when Europe was attacked out of the East by a fanatical army filled with a new religion. We saw the new Poland in arms against it,—that Poland which had been lost to Europe for a century—with the countries on her flank and in her rear already corrupted by the invader, with England and France able to send to her aid only "Military Missions," which could be betrayed, if need arose, by their politicians at home. We saw Poland stand after a retreat of 400 miles, and attack and rout the Russians in a battle which will be known to history as the Miracle of the Vistula. Such is the ignorance of our world about itself, that there are people alive to-day who were grown-up then, and yet do not even remember the great battle of 1920, east and north of Warsaw. It was decisive, like Saratoga and Waterloo and the Marne.

Let us look straight at the facts and take perspective of what has happened. The Partitions were a crime against justice for which all Christian nations calling themselves free owed Poland restitution. If we have given Poland back her boundaries, we have done her no favour out of charity, but scant justice after a century of theft. And then, on top of that old-time debt in justice we owe a second debt to Poland for saving us from another terrible war with embattled Communism in 1920. Even though, instead of suffering international outrage in the Partitions, Poland herself had been the wrong-doer, the Battle of Warsaw would have been considered a fitting act of atonement; but Poland was the victim of wrong done. She was the victim who yet became the victor, and, assuming that the salvation of Christendom is in the design of God, it was Poland that He used as instrument. *Gesta Dei per Polonos!*

Even if we disagree about miracle and the design of God, these two facts remain: that Poland was deeply wronged and that Poland saved our civilization in 1920. In 1931 it is shamefully true that, speaking generally, we know nothing about Poland,—nothing accurate, authentic, first-hand—that, consequently, we care nothing about Poland, that, moreover, we are being influenced by a subtle and pervading propaganda for renewed Partitions. We, the Press-led, untravelled multitude, out of touch with that new Republic, are told one day pontifically that there must be a revision of Poland's frontiers. The day after we are told that Poland has committed atrocities in the Ukraine. Next, we hear that Poland has no claim to Vilna. Later on we are informed that Poland has oppressed her minori-

ties in Upper Silesia. A day passes, and Poland is hindering the trade of Danzig. Then she is blamed for building her own sea-port at Gdynia. There is no other country in Europe about which there is normally so much discussion in the Press. But the discussion is on one side, animated by one spirit, and that spirit is a danger for our future as it has been a danger in our past. We are not saying that the Poles are blameless, that they have always used their new-found freedom wisely, but we do say that they are not fairly judged.

What is afoot now was foreseen by Joseph Conrad and described very clearly in an article he wrote during 1919, a year after the restoration of Poland and a year before the Battle of Warsaw. The prophecy of it was not remarkable, for it was based upon a knowledge of history.

If not the actual frontiers, [he wrote] then the moral integrity of the new State is sure to be assailed before the eyes of Europe. Economical enmity will also come into play when the world's work is resumed again and competition asserts its power. Charges of aggression are certain to be made, especially as related to the small States formed of the territories of the Old Republic. And everybody knows the power of lies which go about clothed in many colours, whereas, as is well known, Truth has no such advantage, and for that reason is often suppressed as not altogether proper for everyday purposes. It is not often recognized, because it is not always fit to be seen.

If there is one community in the State which should have a knowledge of what Poland represents and what Poland saved for us in 1920, it is the Catholic community. And if even the Catholics are passive about the future of Poland, if even the Catholics are willing to accept at its face-valuation the propaganda against Poland which is widespread through our world, then the moment has come to consider what issues we have to face.

We are at a point when the religion of Bolshevism, defeated once in arms, has been given the opportunity to succeed in a new attack upon the mind. Bolshevism *is* a religion,—we used to call it vaguely the Spirit of Materialism—and those who profess it, whether inside Russia or without, rightly recognize as their true opponents the members of the Catholic Church. But in Russia particularly, the Spirit of Materialism has been given a form and substance, a creed and hierarchy. It is the anti-type of Catholicism, resembling therefore the type to which it stands opposed; and Bernard Shaw expressed the truth recently, in a triumphant letter to *The Times*, when he said that the Third International was a Catholic Church. Poland remains one of the great Catholic

communities, raised up once more to defend our gates, before which stand our enemies. Her eastern neighbour remains the focus of militant Communism, now more militant than ever, with one Plan for spreading its Gospel among the people of the world, with another Plan for wrecking the markets of the world, and with another Plan for putting an army of over 50,000,000 under arms within the next ten years. Her western neighbour is now poised between International Communism (which hates Poland) and ultra-national Prussianism (which hates Poland even more). It may be that some form of moderate Republicanism will save Germany. If Communism wins the day,—and that is not impossible, for Prussianism is itself already a materialist philosophy—there will certainly be an armed attack upon Poland from two sides. If Prussianism wins the day in Germany, the campaign for a revision of Poland's frontiers, at least, will be intensified, and in that campaign the historical interests of Prussia will march with the historical interests of Russia, now as in the past two centuries.

These are the cold facts of the situation. We cannot afford to blind ourselves to them. And there is one more important point to make, that when we stand for the justice of Poland's case, when we condemn the injustice of an anonymous propaganda against her, we are not thereby anti-German or anti-Russian. One hundred years ago, when the Poles struck for liberty and failed to secure it, they had the sympathies even of Germans and Russians. The defeated exiles had almost a triumphal progress through the Germanies, and a whole collection of German lyrics stands in their praise. In France, Lamennais and Montalembert were their champions. In England, Thomas Campbell and Lord Dudley Stuart formed an association of the Friends of Poland. In the United States there was an equal recognition of men who fought for the independence of their country.<sup>1</sup> That was one hundred years ago, when the issues between the Church and the World, Christianity and Atheism, were not so clear as they are to-day. If we ignore them now, we shall have ourselves to blame for the result.

G.M.

<sup>1</sup> *The Times* for November 14, 1931, republishes a letter from "A citizen of the United States," printed a century before, welcoming the "heroic but unfortunate Poles," and assuring them of a safe asylum "in the midst of a friendly population of more than 13,000,000."

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Budget appealed to the electorate—some 30 million of the population—for a further mandate to restore the balance of Trade. About 80 per cent of possible votes were cast, and distributed in such a way that the Government was returned by a majority unprecedented in the history of Parliament. In a House of 615 members, 554 sit as Government supporters, *i.e.*, 502 in excess of the purely Labour Opposition. This dwarfs the enormous Liberal majority of 356 in 1906 and the previous Coalition majority of 263 in 1918, and is sufficient proof that the country as a whole has granted the Premier's plea for "a result of which there must be no uncertainty." He has been given the "free hand" for which he asked in his Address to deal with the restoration of currency, with international agreements regarding War-debts and Reparations—"the most fruitful causes of economic misfortunes,"—and with the recovery of a favourable balance of trade. It is thus in aim a purely *ad hoc* Government, since "these are times of exceptional urgency and exceptional conditions which demand exceptional treatment." But since the ordinary functions of the constitution have to be carried on, it must needs have as wide a scope for its activities at home and abroad as any other, and therefore, in reference to such questions as India, Disarmament, Education and the like, it will always be exposed to the danger of dropping once more into the ruts of party. Not, we may grant, if its leaders can help it. They have all asserted their determination to consider themselves above party and to legislate solely in the national interest, but they will be exposed to the threats and solicitations of the less responsible in Parliament and in the Press, and will need all their courage and prudence to withstand them.

The Measure  
of  
National Unity.

The overwhelming nature of their victory, which, on the surface, suggested that they had a united nation behind them; the rout of Labour in Parliament, whence all its leaders save one, and in all 203 members, were rejected; the large number of uncontested seats, nearly all supporting Government, might have been expected to restore foreign confidence and do something to rehabilitate the pound. But, alas! it had no such effect: the pound note, speaking generally, still represents about 15s. abroad. The foreigner, although doubtless impressed by the knock-down blow administered to Socialism, is waiting to see whether the National Government will prove merely national, or will show that it realizes the international character of the

economic *débâcle* and be ready to join in international remedies. And perhaps he may be looking behind the electoral results to the figures on which they are based, figures which tend to show that the nation is not so united as it seems. Roughly 14,500,000 votes (reckoning the unopposed returns) were cast for the Government and 7,000,000 for the Opposition; thus, the Government had a superiority of a little more than two to one in votes, although the proportion in members elected was about ten to one. After every election the anomalies caused by our antiquated voting system are deplored, yet no party in power, or in co-operation with the others, will make any real effort to remove them. If Labour during the last Commission on the subject had supported Proportional Representation, or some system that secures that every vote has its value, they would be represented to-day by some 180 seats. Thus the opposition in the country to the Government programme would be more accurately reflected in Parliament, without endangering the likelihood of realizing it. Compared to 1929, Labour lost about a million and a quarter votes and, as a result, 213 seats! This is not surprising, since, theoretically, a majority of one in each constituency for any party would give that party the entire representation! However, considering that the working-classes if they were united in policy could by their votes have won many more seats in the House, it is evident that the vast majority of them repudiated, if not the aims, at least the methods of the Labour Party. "Socialism in our time" has been definitely rejected, and the remedies for our industrial maladies are to be looked for in the reformation of the Capitalist system.

**How Labour  
could  
Reform Itself.**

Is it too much to hope that Labour, which professes to be an industrial rather than a political party, will also take occasion to reform itself, and drop its class organization? It came into

being originally with a "class-consciousness," for it represented the revolt of the worker against the neglect, by the old traditional parties, of the legitimate aspirations and grievances of his class. If Whigs and Tories had had a modicum of Christian prudence and justice, or even of an enlightened self-regard, they could have stifled Socialism in its Parliamentary cradle, when the portent first appeared at the beginning of the century and was represented in the Commons by eleven members. Socialism derives all its real vitality, not from its utopian aspirations but from the existence of real and removable grievances. Political power has been given to the multitude in larger and larger measure, without relieving them in any way from their economic dependence. If Capital had endeavoured to come to terms with Labour when the latter became politically powerful, better

educated and more sensitive to its lack of the amenities of life, instead of fighting at every turn its attempts to better its condition, then the worker would have become Conservative or Liberal according to temperament or upbringing, and the desperate remedies for oppression put forward by Socialists would not have been called into being. There is still a chance of harmonizing the relations between Labour and Capital. The generous aspirations of the former for relief of the destitute and down-trodden, and for a life of more leisure and culture, has attracted many non-workers to their ranks, and, if their leaders would drop their affiliation with anti-Christians, repudiate the fallacies of Marx and regard themselves as citizens as well as wage-earners, they might secure the adhesion of many more. However strongly organized and disciplined, the manual workers of this country who are congregated in the large centres of industry can never hope to win by their votes a Parliamentary majority. From this point of view, it is to be regretted that the remnants of the Parliamentary Labour Party have determined on closer association with the Trade-Union organization. It is another aspect of that lapse into more formal Socialism which has resulted from its members going into opposition to the first National Government on a mistaken issue and at the dictation of the Trades Union Council, which dictation was a main element in their defeat. That way madness lies, or, at least, strife, futility and failure.

**Unconstitutional  
Activities.**

Nevertheless, much allowance should be made for men brought up on false economic theories, fighting, as they feel themselves, handicapped by poverty and inexperience, the well-equipped hosts of Mammon. To the charge of subservience to an extra-Parliamentary body of their own fellows, the Labour members may reply that members of other parties are dictated to by their respective caucuses. The Primrose League and the Liberal war-chest may well interfere with the freedom of constituencies and of those whom they elect, and, if the T.U.C. is accused of suggesting or opposing political measures in its own interests, what is to be said of the claims advanced by the millionaire Press-lords to control ministers and policies? The whole Parliamentary system is vitiated by the endeavours of groups outside Parliament to govern for their particular ends the conduct in Parliament of groups or individuals in any way dependent on them. So might the T.U.C. argue, and there is enough substance in these arguments to weaken somewhat the charge of improper interference brought against that body. The real gravamen of that charge is that, whereas it represents only a section of the working-classes, it sought to control, not the votes of this or that member



or group, but the whole policy of H.M. Government which rules in the name of the nation. It sought to set sectional interests above general. Which brings us back to where we began—Political parties in a democracy should not be based upon class. The party-cleavage should be vertical, not horizontal. We should be ashamed to re-introduce, into a civilization moulded by Christianity, anything like the pagan Roman distinction between plebs and patricians, or the Indian system of caste. There is no room in a healthy commonwealth for "two nations" with opposed interests. The aim of the true patriot should be to combine a reformed Capitalism with an enlightened Labour. And, of course, Labour will the sooner abandon its reliance on class-consciousness, if it can trace nothing of the sort in the other parties; no sign, for instance, that the interests of property and wealth are sedulously furthered to the detriment of the less fortunate, or that the human rights of the poor are overridden by the bureaucracy.

**Union  
of Labour and  
Capital.**

Accordingly no time could be more opportune than the present for the development of that industrial arrangement known as Co-partnership. As we pointed out last month, the Pope in *Quadragesimo Anno* urged that "the wage-contract should when possible be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership"—a fact which suggests that social reformers would do well to ponder very seriously that long and masterly document. In *The Times* for November 4th the representatives of the Industrial Co-partnership Association pleaded eloquently for that vital amalgamation of the three elements of wealth-production—Capital, Labour, and Management—for which their movement stands. The plea elicited several noteworthy replies. Lord Vaux on November 11th testified to the success of the plan in an electrical undertaking. The well-known publicist, Mr. Wickham Steed, developed in the issue for November 18th the manifold advantages of the arrangement, and a powerful *Times* leader of the same date emphasized his argument. Finally, on November 20th, the chairman of the Imperial Chemical Industries, Mr. McGowan, lent his considered support to the scheme, in the columns of the same paper, as the desirable result of the creation of a "right atmosphere" between employers and employed. It is difficult to see any sound reason why organized Labour should not welcome this project with open arms. It means the laying aside of the traditional hostility and suspicion which regard Capitalists *en masse* as "the foes of the working-classes." It means rejection of the notion that labour is a "commodity," purchasable at a certain price: a notion which, as a relic of "Manchester" economics, Labour leaders, of all others, should be out

to destroy. It means the preference of "status" to "contract" in the worker's life. It means the absence of restrictions on earning-power, for naturally the more successful businesses will be more profitable to those concerned. It means that both Trade Unions and Employers' Federations will lose their chief *raison d'être*, since their primary object is protection. It means finally that, instead of Capital employing Labour and taking all the profits, after paying the statutory wage, or of the opposite course, which has been seriously advocated, of Labour hiring Capital at market-rates, and retaining the rewards, both masters and men are to associate in employing Capital, controlling its use and sharing the profits of production. Such a complete reversal of present industrial policy on both sides, joined with the abandonment or weakening of traditional safeguards, has hitherto prevented the growth of the movement, which, as distinguished from mere profit-sharing schemes, at the end of 1930 extended to only 138 concerns. It is unfortunately true that generations of wage-slavery has dulled the natural desire of the worker for a measure of independence and responsibility, and the prevalent "class-war" mentality makes sincere co-operation difficult. Mr. Steed is, we fear, too optimistic in his estimate that "the great majority of wage-earners in this country" incline towards a "citizen's outlook." But the paramount necessity of staving off industrial collapse gives projects of united effort a greater chance of acceptance. It is for the big employers, like Mr. McGowan, to give a definite lead. He claims that "Imperial Chemicals" are steadfastly pursuing a policy of union described as the "Four C.'s"—Contact, Consultation, Confidence, and Co-operation—with excellent results. If industry can be "humanized," or rather "Christianized," all but its inevitable drawbacks will disappear. Peace and union at home must help us greatly in the conjoint task of stabilizing world-economics.

**The Chaos produced  
by Unchecked  
Capitalism.**

In his final broadcast before the Election, the Prime Minister described the parlous state into which the blind covetousness of man, exploiting human needs, had brought the bountiful earth. "What a mad world it reveals!", he exclaimed. "Nations, from one end of the earth to the other, having surplus products which they cannot sell, and wanting things to make life tolerable which they have not the means to buy. Surely every intelligent person must turn from a study of this unnatural and indefensible phenomenon with a stronger determination than before to eliminate it from our experiences for ever." This *impasse* has come about through each country developing its own resources, without regard to what is being produced elsewhere, and then feverishly competing in a limited and overstocked market. Take cotton

alone. The world's annual consumption is reckoned at 14 million bales, yet the United States alone produced 9 million in 1930 and 16 million this year.<sup>1</sup> Hence the producers, after having exchanged a quantity for Brazilian coffee, have had to burn the rest: the Brazilians having similarly disposed of their surplus. Wheat, too, is destroyed because the price cannot equal costs of production and transport. The latest proposal in the United States is that one-tenth of the country's milch cows should be destroyed, because "herds have been increasing for four years, which will eventually lead to large surpluses and low prices" (Report of Dairy Advisory Board). The suggestion would be comic if it were not almost criminal, for in the States, according to a late estimate by Dr. John A. Ryan, there are now about 9 or 10 million unemployed who have to be kept alive by public and private charity. Here we have mismanagement within the limits of a single Government, and it is only a pale reflex of the chaos in the world at large. The tariff-walls thrown up all over the world are mere spontaneous gestures of defence against economic aggression—the blind instinctive search for markets pursued by Capital, the object of which is not primarily to benefit anyone but the investors. If order is to be restored, or rather created, in international economics, the nations must combine, with a real desire to consider the well-being of others as well as their own. Co-operation and self-restraint are imperative. Often in a theatre-fire the whole audience could easily escape if each member of it did not strive for himself alone.

The machinery for co-operation exists already.

**Political  
Co-operation too.**

In regard to the products mentioned above—corn, cotton, coffee, cows—there is the International Institute of Agriculture, for instance, founded in 1905, and including representatives of 74 nations, 98 % of the world's population. Then there is the Economic Consultative Committee of the League of Nations, and its extensive International Labour Organization. No doubt, another World Economic Conference like that of May 1927 will be necessary, and we can only hope that it will go to the root of things, and devise some means to regulate the use of capital. But politics and economics are indissolubly connected. A political settlement must also be effected on the basis of a revision of certain enactments of the Peace Treaties. To that necessity Mr. MacDonald called attention in the same broadcast message. "There are also," he said, "those extraordinary provisions, made in haste, which were embodied in the treaties of peace and were designed to enable nations to pay debts and to recover from the economic disasters of the war. Emotions

<sup>1</sup> Statistics from *Spectator*, Nov. 14th, p. 644.

usurped reason: politics usurped statesmanship, and, as the years have passed, they have brought us nearer and nearer to the oozing bogs in which we are floundering." And he returned to the subject in his Mansion House speech. "The present position of Germany in relation to the rest of the world must be the subject of a complete overhaul. . . . The Governments concerned, France and Germany leading, should come together and, on a basis of business common sense surveying the enormous problem as one of objective reality, come to an agreement as to what is to be done, now and later on." All previous endeavours to stabilize international finance have, "sooner or later, come up against prohibitive tariffs, reparations and war-debts." The question before the creditors now is, since the debtor cannot liquidate his full obligation,—what composition will they accept?

**Best Clean  
the  
War Slate.**

An even more frank statement of the crisis comes from Signor Mussolini, who spoke as follows on the reparations question at Naples on October 24th:

We ask ourselves [he said] is it possible that sixty long years must really elapse before the word "Finis" is written beneath the tragic balance-sheets, founded upon the blood of 10,000,000 young men who will never again see the light of the sun? Can there be said to be juridical equality between the nations, when on the one hand we have nations armed to the teeth and on the other hand nations condemned to be unarmed? How is it possible to speak of reconstruction unless there is a modification in certain clauses of certain peace treaties which have driven the world to the brink of material disaster and moral despair? How much time must still pass before it is realized that something in the economic apparatus of the world has broken down?

It is a token of the good done by the various exchange visits of Premiers and Foreign Ministers to the different capitals that these questions can now be openly asked without very much recrimination in the French Press. The reception of the French Ministers in Berlin marked the beginning of a new era. The imposing "Franco-German Economic Committee" which is now at work means the recognition that the time has come for a definite economic and political *rapprochement*. The outside observer has seen from the first that there can be no real peace in Europe except on the basis of Franco-German friendship. As long ago as July, 1924, Mr. Churchill, after mentioning the "appalling potentialities" of European disaster which lay in the "deadly antagonism" between the two nations, asked what should the policy of Great Britain be in this regard, and answered:

There can surely be only one policy which is even conceiv-

able—to use her whole influence and resources consistently over a long period of years to weave France and Germany so closely together economically, socially and morally as to prevent the occasion of quarrels and make their causes die in a realization of mutual prosperity and interdependence.

Brilliant writer as he is, it is not often that Mr. Churchill has combined so much good sense with his brilliancy. It is indeed obvious that what is delaying disarmament and the establishment of peace is the feeling in each of these great nations that the other is plotting its downfall, and there are strong elements in each that sedulously foster that notion. Hitlerism in Germany is a revolt against the supposed injustice of the French, and the "Action Française," in turn, loses no occasion of emphasizing the German menace and ill-will. Whereas, if a real political and economic peace were established between the two, the problem of armament reduction, war-debts, reparations, treaty-revision, would be substantially solved. And, what is not least important, the danger to civilization from the side of Russia would disappear. On the other hand, any general conviction in Germany that France intended to refuse her a real equality of status and meant to perpetuate the punitive elements of Versailles, would give an immense impetus to Bolshevism. This, we know, is the persuasion of prominent German ecclesiastics. The Catholics in both countries, especially those highly placed, can do much to establish this *entente*. It would be sad if only the "Third International," for its own evil purposes, encouraged international co-operation.

**The French  
Mentality  
Regarding Peace.**

Needless to say, it is of equal importance to European peace that this country should cultivate close and permanent friendship with both these great nations. It cannot be denied that

at present our *entente* with France deserves rather to be called a misunderstanding. She seems to be the one nation that blocks that international peace which, in spite of our militarists, is a genuine object of desire amongst us. Unhappily our main contact with her, speaking of common stay-at-home folk, consists of extracts from her Chauvinist Press, which do not express her real mind and which our own Jingoese are not slow to parallel. Permanent international peace is as much the interest and the desire of France as of the rest of the world. And everyone should own that France, having for the moment actually attained security based on military strength, cannot reasonably be asked to give up that method of maintaining it, unless another just as good is substituted. Our contention, of course, is that even better security has already been provided by the League and the

various subsequent Pacts, but, if France wants something stronger and more definite before she will disarm, then surely she should have it. The more these assurances are multiplied the less becomes the danger they provide against. The service which the United States rendered to peace by putting the League of Nations in the forefront of the Treaties was greatly neutralized by their subsequent refusal to join this country in guaranteeing France against military aggression. "Locarno" subsequently did something to remedy this blunder, but still the States, in spite of their own Kellogg Pact, will not undertake to deny neutral rights to any violator of that Pact, and so they make it largely academic. Consequently France cannot regard it as furnishing the desired security. The worst of all these refusals, on one side or another, to grant what is essential for real peace is that good, or at least plausible, reasons can be given for all of them. France, Germany, America, Britain can draw up lists of deeds done and aims avowed by each other's several representatives, which do give grounds for mutual mistrust. We can only hope that through constant intercourse and the exchange of commercial "hostages," the advantages resulting from mutual confidence and good will may be seen to outweigh these drawbacks, and that the peoples, especially the Christians amongst them, may realize that the claims of charity, the second commandment of the Law, are more binding on all, singly and collectively, than those of justice. The direct intervention of the Pope in the matter of disarmament is an attempt, which should not be allowed to fail, to mobilize the whole forces of the Catholic world to the support of international peace. Nothing but a sense of the extreme gravity of the crisis, derived from his intimate contact with events and projects all the world over, could have moved the Holy Father to inaugurate this new Crusade.

**The Manchurian  
Question and  
League-Wreckers.**

Certain English newspapers, with perverse zeal which can only be called, in the circumstances, diabolical, are trying to find, in the difficulties which the Powers, acting through the Council of the League of Nations, experience in solving the Sino-Japanese dispute, reasons why Britain should wash its hands of the League. Happily, the known characters and antecedents of their proprietors deprive the journals of any real weight amongst the educated, but they tend, unless vigorously and constantly repudiated, to mislead foreign opinion. These little Imperialists want to withdraw the Commonwealth from the comity of nations, to refuse its aid to keep the world's peace, and, with incredible selfishness and narrowness of purpose, to obscure once again that vision of human solidarity which was one of the most precious moral legacies of the great War. Their efforts last May had the

natural result of swelling the membership of the League of Nations Union, and, we may hope, their present attempt will do the same again. As for the Manchurian question, no one can blame either the Chinese or Japanese Governments without a full knowledge both of past and recent history. Both Governments are represented on the Council, and both are too sensible of the harmful repercussions of an ultimate refusal to abide by their engagements under Covenant and Pact, to push matters to extremes. Still, it is an anxious time and the prestige of the League is in jeopardy. It is deplorably easy to arouse a nationalistic public opinion on such occasions and to invoke again traditional enmities which the new world-order has not had time to obliterate; and there are never lacking fomenters of discord to do so. But to appease such prejudices is what the League—which is not, as our Jingoists pretend, a separate entity but the organized common sense and justice of the world—exists to do, and having in view its inexperience, it has been fairly successful. It has already prevented formal war which, considering the chaotic state of the Chinese Government and the curiously independent attitude of the Japanese Generals, is a testimony to its influence, and things now point to the dissension returning to the region of diplomacy. Japan has, it seems, consented to the League's sending a commission to examine the question on the spot and to determine the conditions under which she can withdraw her troops. Should negotiations fail, we trust that the League will not hesitate to apply the economic sanctions provided in Article 15. Short of the need of warding off a sudden attack on its life, no nation has any right to violate its solemn and reiterated pledge to negotiate with the help of the League before fighting.

**Contrasts in the  
Fortunes  
of the Faith.**

The dedication of the colossal statue of Christ the King, erected on the top of Monte Corcovado, overlooking the city and harbour of Rio de Janeiro in Brazil, took place on October 12th in the presence of a Papal legate, the President of the Republic, and some fifty members of the South American hierarchies. The hill is about 2,500 feet high and the statue itself, built of reinforced concrete, reaches the height of over 100 feet. The first idea of setting up a memorial of Brazil's first hundred years of liberty was mooted in the centenary year 1922, and the enterprise—a formidable one considering the heights, weights, and distances involved—has now been crowned by success. It is a noteworthy testimony to the Catholic spirit and devotion of a nation which seems destined one day, from its size and resources (it is nearly as large as the whole of Europe) to be one of the foremost countries in the world. The ceremony, conducted on a scale of the utmost magnificence, suggests to the



Catholic the chequered fortunes of Christ's Church. Highly honoured and prosperous, for the moment, in the United States of Brazil, she is yet brutally oppressed in the United States of Mexico, and, more strangely still, in that very Peninsula in Europe, whence both Brazil and Mexico derived their civilization, a clique of Freemasons and atheists is trying to extirpate her. The Catholic is not bewildered nor discouraged by the sight of these vicissitudes: Christ Himself foretold them. But he cannot help wondering why the children of this world are, if not wiser, yet more energetic and skilful in worldly affairs than the children of light. Both Spain and Mexico are, nominally, Catholic through and through. Yet they have hitherto shown no more prudence in preparing for trouble, and no more determination in resisting it, than if the Faith were a matter of little moment, instead of being the pearl of incomparable price. No wonder that His Holiness from the watch-tower of the Vatican is calling aloud for virile Catholics who shall insist that the justice which is the basis of civilized society shall not be denied them in their corporate capacity.

**The Need  
and Nature of  
Catholic Action.**

A *Times* correspondent, explaining that the full strength of Spanish Conservatives does not show in the Cortes, says this is "by their own fault in holding back at their elections."

No doubt Catholics were rather slow in realizing what was impending; nor under previous regimes was there any scope for organized political activity. But in any case it is known that the elections were carefully "managed" by the party that had seized power, in order "to consolidate the Republic." It is to be hoped that Catholics will be better prepared when next called upon to vote. There is no democratic country in which the faithful can afford to neglect the usual instruments of democracy. The ballot-box is the normal means by which they can protect their interests, which in every modern State are exposed to the attacks of unbelievers. Let no one quote in rebuttal the Holy Father's action in Italy. We look upon the state of affairs in Italy as unique, just as the system of Government there is unparalleled elsewhere. Under the Lateran Treaty, as further interpreted by the recent agreement between the Holy Father and Signor Mussolini, the spiritual rights of the Church in Italy are adequately recognized, so there is presumably no need for Catholics to organize politically to defend them. On the one essential matter of education, the rights of Church, parent and child are now safeguarded. But this does not mean that in other lands Catholic Action should confine itself to spiritual things and keep clear of politics. The devil would be only too glad if Christians left politics entirely to him. Much popular

confusion results from not distinguishing between specific Catholic associations, called, for instance, in Italy "Azione Cattolica" and in Spanish countries "Acción Católica," which, *as societies*, may not intervene in political affairs, and the activities of lay Catholics in general, which of course can be described as Catholic Action and to which, under the name of the Lay Apostolate, they have been summoned time and again by their spiritual leaders. In most countries there are various restrictions, interferences and inhibitions on the part of the State which trench on the domain of conscience, and hence Catholics must organize in order to induce politicians and legislatures to respect their rights. Wherever Catholics, as Catholics, are dealt with unfairly by the law, they must work constitutionally to amend the law, and they work more effectually when united. But, happily, self-defence does not exhaust the whole of Catholic activity. As the long list of our Catholic societies indicates, there are many fields in which we are called to labour for the advance of God's Kingdom. The list as read in the "Catholic Directory" is indeed imposing, but, as is well known, there is no society of them all that is supported as it might be and as it ought to be. Following on his summons, addressed last Easter to the Catholic youth of both sexes to fill their ranks, H.E. the Cardinal has been exerting himself by specific appeals, culminating in a great London meeting on the Feast of Christ the King, to arouse the zeal of the faithful, with gratifying results. The laity have their own direct responsibility for trading with the talent of Faith, and the immense variety of Catholic Action in this country provides opportunities for all.

**Further  
"Ambiguous  
Formulae."**

How sad is the case of those inculpably outside the Fold, who must pass their whole lives in paralysing doubt and uncertainty, because their teachers are not equipped for teaching the truth. Yet the good will of these same teachers is manifest, if only in their constant endeavours to settle the basis and contents of their doctrinal system. We are always sympathetically curious to know the progress of the Anglican "Doctrinal Commission," appointed for that end in 1923, which meets and reports annually in September, but we are never told very much. The report of this, the eighth year, is couched in the usual general terms:

The commission is making steady progress with its immense task, and every session receives new encouragement from the realization of unity between representatives of the most diverse schools of thought. (*Times*, October 29th.)

Meanwhile, through less authoritative gatherings of Anglican ministers, there is a constant endeavour to find accord on the

central mystery of Revelation, the Blessed Eucharist. A representative meeting at Farnham in 1900 debated this fundamental doctrine but came to no agreement. In March of last year there was a Conference on the topic in King's College, London, under the presidency of Archbishop Temple, which held a second session in the autumn, and referred to a smaller Committee the task of drawing up a statement of Anglican belief in the Eucharist. This was circulated for signatures amongst a number of clergymen and published, in *The Times* for October 8th, in a series of ten affirmations. More than a hundred signatures were obtained, representing "the most diverse schools of thought." A leader in *The Times* of the same date finds that "the declaration shows a degree of accord amongst Churchmen that could scarcely have been expected to-day and certainly could not have been found even a few years ago," but we fear that the significance of that accord is wholly destroyed by the further admission that "it is true that not all the signatories would attach precisely the same meaning to every phrase of the statement, and that no complete identity of belief exists among them." Thus we come back to the old agreement to differ, inevitable in the circumstances, and the old endeavour to find formulæ sufficiently ambiguous to conceal divergencies of belief. Moreover, supposing they did believe the same, supposing their differences of no account, the declaration does not put forth the truth but only what the subscribers, applying their minds to the Scripture record, have individually come to consider true. There is no claim that their judgment is certainly right: there is nothing to prevent them judging otherwise to-morrow: they cannot rightly condemn those that disagree with them. None of them would even declare that absolute certainty can be attained in this all-important matter, and thus they implicitly admit that God became Incarnate and made a most momentous revelation concerning the Eucharist, without giving His creatures the means of knowing what it really signifies. It is all very well for *The Times* writer to declare that "the whole truth must immeasurably transcend the utmost power of perception granted to any individual": the humblest individual has been granted the power of distinguishing between Yes and No, and, as subsequent comments on the Statement made plain, the differences between Anglicans on this subject are no less profound than the difference between Yes and No. The Statement has already been repudiated by many who consider doctrinal ambiguities dishonest.

THE EDITOR.

## III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

## CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Benediction**, nature and history of [Rev. J. L. Connolly, Ph.D., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Nov. 1931, p. 449].

**Economic Crisis** the result of Injustice [Archbishop McNicholas in *Catholic Mind*, Oct. 22, 1931, p. 473].

**Faith**, The Nature of [Rev. W. A. Spence in *Catholic Gazette*, Dec. 1931, p. 357].

## CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Catholic Evidence Guild in the Schools** [W. F. Rea, S.J., in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 6, 1931, p. 9].

**Catholic Faith in U.S.A.**, jeopardized in Secular Colleges: responsibility of parents [*America*, Oct. 17, 1931, p. 30].

**Church**, The historic indefectibility of [Fr. Gillis in *Catholic World*, Nov. 1931, pp. 201, 226].

**Electoral Duty**, A French Catechism of [Cardinal Sevin (1914) in *Documentation Catholique*, Oct. 24, 1931, p. 678].

**Hitlerism** essentially anti-Catholic [*Catholic Times*, Nov. 20, 1931, pp. 11, 12].

**McDougall's**, Prof., attack on Free Will [W. J. Wade, S.J., in *Modern Schoolman*, Nov. 1931, p. 6].

**Russell**, Bertrand, resuscitates the Galileo myth [G. C. Heseltine in *America*, Nov. 7, 1931, p. 104].

**Shaw's**, G. B., defence of the Soviets pulverized [Fr. E. Walsh, S.J., in *Catholic Mind*, Nov. 8, 1931: quoted in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 6, 1931, p. 12].

**Spain**, Anti-Christian Development of the Republic [Dr. Grimley in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 13, 1931, p. 9]: "Combism" in Spain [Yves de la Brière in *Etudes*, Nov. 5, 1931, p. 346].

**Vatican Conflict with Fascist Italy** [Y. de la Brière, S.J., in *Etudes*, Nov. 5, 1931, p. 342: Rev. T. O'Herlihy in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Nov. 1931, p. 449].

**Walsingham**, Our Lady of, History of the Shrine [Marian Nesbit in *Catholic Gazette*, Nov. 1931, p. 333: Protestant imitation of, *Church Times*, Oct. 23, p. 475].

## POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Avarice**, Financial Chaos caused by [M. O'Shaughnessy in *Commonweal*, Nov. 4, 1931, p. 9].

**Brazil's Catholicity** shown by the Statue of Christ erected at Rio de Janeiro [Most Rev. P. E. Magennis, O.C.C., in *Catholic Bulletin*, Nov. 1931, p. 1084].

**Catholic Books in Public Libraries** [T. Foster in *Catholic Times*, Nov. 20, 1931, p. 9].

**Catholic Stage Guild and Reform of the Theatre** [*Universe*, Nov. 20, 1931, p. 12].

**Feminism**, Against False [Rev. H. Rope in *Catholic Gazette*, Dec. 1931, p. 367].

# REVIEWS

## I—CATHOLICS AND OTHER MYSTICS<sup>1</sup>

IT is not difficult to detect that Miss Margaret Smith has approached her subject with an historical rather than a philosophical or a theological training. The sub-title of her volume gives an accurate statement of its contents: "An account of the rise and development of early Christian Mysticism in the Near and Middle East up to the seventh century, and of the subsequent development of Mysticism in Islam known as Sufism, together with some account of the relationship between early Christian Mysticism and the earliest form of Islamic Mysticism." The study is divided into two parts. In the first the history of Christian Mysticism is traced from the ascetics of Egypt to St. Ephraim and his contemporaries, with a specially interesting chapter on "Asceticism and the Monastic Life among Women"; in the second the same is done for Mohammedan Mysticism, beginning with the contacts between Mohammedans and Christians in the earliest centuries. The author's method is mainly that of apt quotations; for these alone, which are admirably chosen and, so far as we can judge, admirably turned into English we are extremely grateful.

But we would venture on two criticisms. In the first place, for a study of mysticism under any form, a training in philosophy and theology is essential. Let us take one point alone, which continually recurs throughout this study. Miss Smith solves most of the problems which mystic writers provide for her by the simple word, pantheism. She sees pantheism in St. Augustine, even in the memorable passage in the "Confessions," so often quoted, where he has attempted to describe the highest point of mystic union; she sees it again and again in Muslim mystics. If she were to discuss these passages with a modern orthodox Mohammedan, she would be surprised to find how he would resent such an interpretation. The Eastern, whether Mohammedan, or Hindu, or Parsee, resents being called a pantheist almost as much as he resents being called a polytheist; and as for St. Augustine, we can well imagine how he would have opened his eyes with astonishment had he heard such an epithet applied to himself. The truth is that Miss Smith has not grasped what the Aristotelean terms "the analogy of Being"; which means that Being, as applied to God, and Being, as applied to all things created, have a quite different meaning and content. This the

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in Early Mysticism in the Near and Middle East.* By Margaret Smith, M.A. Ph.D. London: The Sheldon Press. Pp. x. 276. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

true mystic realizes, even without philosophy to teach him; hence, when he speaks of union, oneness, with God, he never for a moment loses sight of his own being in the order of his own creation. Indeed, in some sense, this is the very meaning of the word mysticism. It is a record of union, while yet the two remain distinct, not fused; it is a shadow of the Blessed Trinity, the three Persons in one God. Pantheism and mysticism, to the true mystic, are almost contradictions of each other.

In contrast to Miss Smith's method we would refer to that of Abbot Butler, in his work "Western Mysticism." Here the theologian discusses some of the very passages from St. Augustine quoted by Miss Smith; but his theological training saves him from seeing even the least suspicion of pantheism in anything written by the Bishop of Hippo.

The second criticism we feel bound to make concerns the historical method adopted by the author; and we make it with the greater confidence because she herself, on the last page of her book, suggests its cogency. Not only in study of the mystics, but in any study that is expressed in literature, it is a dangerous thing to argue to a common origin, or to find vital connections, from the mere fact of likeness in exposition. The present reviewer has sometimes amused himself by setting passages from the Vedanta alongside similar passages from St. Theresa; yet who would dream of saying that the latter was in any way inspired by the former? This is still more dangerous when the context is necessarily ignored. For ourselves, we imagine that after Mohammed himself and his immediate surroundings, Mohammedanism drew little from Christianity; later, in the twelfth century, Christians were indebted to Mohammedan philosophical speculations, but not, of course, to the Mohammedan religious creed, as is abundantly illustrated in Ramon Lull, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Dante, to say nothing of lesser lights.

## 2—THE EPISCOPAL FUNCTIONS<sup>1</sup>

**N**EARLY two hundred years have sped by since Catalani, in 1738, began printing his commentary upon the "Pontificale Romanum." One or two new editions of this bulky work have been brought out in modern times, but we do not think that any liturgist, since the Italian Hieronymite, has ventured to tackle anew the whole range of the episcopal functions as they are set out in the authoritative text of the Pontifical issued by Pope Clement VIII. in 1595. Most certainly an up-to-date commentary

<sup>1</sup> *Le Pontifical Romain, Histoire et Commentaire.* Par Dom Pierre de Puniët. Paris: Desclée, De Brouwer et Cie. 2 vols. Pp. 300, 352. 1930—1931.

on historical lines was badly needed, for immense progress has been made in every branch of liturgical studies during the last two centuries. Such books as Monsignor Duchesne's "*Origines du Culte chrétien*" have done much to fill the gap so far as the very early period is concerned, but he had far too much ground to cover in dealing with the liturgy of Holy Week, the rite of initiation, the calendar, etc., etc., to be able to enter into any considerable detail regarding later developments. Dom Pierre de Puniet, whose wide and profound studies of liturgical questions will be known to many of our readers, has undertaken the task of providing a suitable historical explanation of the pontifical offices, and this he has accomplished—in two octavo volumes of moderate compass—with such success that we feel confident that the work could not have been in better hands.

The first volume is perhaps the more important, including as it does not only a discussion of the Pontifical as a separate book and a chapter on the sacrament of Confirmation, but also the vital matter of the formulæ employed in the ordination of the clergy. This, it will be readily understood, is a subject in which Anglicans and Catholics alike in this country are particularly interested. So far as we can see, Dom de Puniet is well abreast of modern research, and, though he naturally has no occasion to concern himself with Anglican controversy, he has not neglected the points which are most material to the issue. The valuable articles of M. l'Abbé Michel Andrien are not overlooked, and our author has even taken account of the extraordinary concession made by Pope Boniface IX., though shortly afterwards recalled, to the Abbot of St. Osith. The second volume, if concerned with matters relatively subordinate to the great question of apostolic succession, is, nevertheless, of more varied interest. The consecration of Bishops, Abbots and virgins; the blessing of Knights; the coronation of Kings; the ritual employed in the dedication of churches, altars and cemeteries; together with the reconciliation of penitents and the blessing of the holy oils,—all in turn come under consideration. To print in full the text and rubrics of the Pontifical itself would have swollen these volumes to a bulk which would have made the work unreasonably expensive. We think that Dom de Puniet has done wisely to assume that the formulæ spoken by the Bishop would be otherwise accessible. There are many interesting points suggested by the contents of these volumes upon which we would gladly dwell, but considerations of space cannot be disregarded. We will only add that we wish the author had found it possible to include an alphabetical index of points of special interest. Though the book is relatively short, few readers will be disposed to sit down and read the two volumes through from cover to finish.



3—BIBLICAL AND PATRISTIC<sup>1</sup>

THE so-called *Letter of Aristeas*, edited with revised text, translation and notes, by Father Tramontano, S.J., and published posthumously with a Preface from the learned Father Vaccari, S.J., is no doubt destined to become the classic edition of this famous Alexandrine work written by a Hellenized Jew, most probably about the year 200 A.D., or in the last years of the fourth Ptolemy Philopator. An elaborate introduction of 200 quarto pages discusses every topic connected with the author and his one work. Thus there is placed at the reader's disposal accurate and erudite dissertations on the text, its versions, divisions and analyses, together with linguistic peculiarities of composition. The date is fixed by a cumulative argument drawn from a vast assortment of evidence; and the influence of Aristeas on subsequent writers from Philo to Epiphanius is lucidly set forth with profuse wealth of quotation. The importance of this work may be measured from the fact that all our knowledge about the production of the Septuagint Greek Bible ultimately rests on this treatise of Aristeas. Accordingly one cannot rate too highly the value of so elaborate a contribution to biblical study.

We welcome the third volume of Dr. Roy Deferrari's *St. Basil's Letters*, with Greek text, English collateral translation and notes. The high standard of translation displayed in previous volumes is here maintained; and we notice a like skilful handling of the text. It is to be regretted that, when mention occurs of such heresies as those of the Valentinians, Encratites, Marcionites and the rest, our author does not refer to the original authorities, Irenæus, Hippolytus, and Epiphanius, being, for the most part, content to refer the reader to an encyclopædia. There is much theology in this series of letters; and we are glad to state it does not suffer in translation. The Loeb editors are to be congratulated on entrusting the issue of these intensely Catholic letters to a Catholic scholar of the Catholic University of America.

The Hegesippus, whose Latin Lexicography this doctoral thesis discusses, is not the more familiar individual of that name, fragments of whose memoirs have been preserved by Eusebius. He is a contemporary of St. Ambrose, and is usually credited with the authorship of a Latin work, "De Bello Judaico" or "De Excidio Urbis Herosolymitanæ." It is described as a free

<sup>1</sup> (1) *The Letter of Aristeas to Philocrates*. By Raffaele Tramontano, S.J. Naples: "Civiltà Cattolica." Pp. xvi. 208, 266. Price, 50.00 l. (2) *St. Basil's Letters*. Vol. III. Translated by R. J. Deferrari. The Loeb Classical Library, London: Heinemann, Ltd. (3) *The Vocabulary of Hegesippus*. A Doctoral Thesis presented to the Catholic University of America by W. F. Dwyer, S.S., M.A. Pp. xv. 200.

rendering or paraphrase in five books of the corresponding work of Flavius Josephus. It seems the MS. of this "History of the Jewish War" is usually found among Ambrosian MSS. Hence the suspicion arises: might it not be from St. Ambrose himself? Dr. Dwyer seeks light from a comparative study of its vocabulary and of that of St. Ambrose. He arrives at the conclusion that, if the author is not Ambrose himself, he must have belonged to the Ambrosian circle.

J.D.

#### 4—A HISTORY OF THE POPES<sup>1</sup>

THERE was certainly need of a book which would supply in manageable compass a straightforward account of the life and work of the 258 pontiffs—the exact number may be differently reckoned—who have occupied the chair of St. Peter. M. Fernand Hayward has produced an acceptable volume which will be useful to many. It would be unreasonable to look for a brilliant style or picturesque narrative in such a manual. The compression of incidents is inevitably such as leaves no room for literary graces. We have reason to be content if the more important facts in each pontificate are set out clearly and in due perspective, if the compiler has taken pains to consult the most scholarly sources, and if he has been on his guard against the extremes of indiscriminate laudation and carping or prejudiced criticism. This for the most part may be claimed for M. Hayward, but we are not quite satisfied that he has always chosen his guides wisely. In dealing with the Avignon popes, for example, M. G. Mollat would certainly have been a safer authority to follow than the Abbé Mourret, and we should not have been told that John XXII. was the son of a shoemaker or tailor named Ossa, while other matters of greater moment would have been presented somewhat differently. So also Abbot Cuthbert Butler, who contributes an interesting sketch of papal history by way of an Introduction to the volume, hints that the account of the pontificate of Innocent III. is not, in his judgment, entirely satisfactory. The author, however, has the courage to speak frankly about the tenth century popes, and makes no attempt to palliate the scandals of the period which culminated in Alexander VI. One point, nevertheless, which does seem to amount to a *suppressio veri* is the paragraph accorded to the "famous prophecy attributed to St. Malachy." There was no particular occasion to mention this fictitious document at all, but if it was spoken of it ought to have been made clear to the reader that it had no claim whatever to be regarded as an inspired utterance, and that it was in fact a notorious forgery four centuries later in date.

<sup>1</sup> *History of the Popes*. By Fernand Hayward. Translated by the Monks of St. Augustine's Abbey, Ramsgate. London: Dent. Pp. xviii. 406. Price, 12s. 6d. net.

The translation reads fairly smoothly and is so far acceptable, but we cannot speak favourably of the work of the proof-readers, whoever they may be. Not having before us a copy of the French original it is impossible to tell how far the responsibility rests with them or with the original text. The footnotes seem to have been particularly neglected. Thus on p. 177 we find mention of the Abbé Vacandara (*sic*), on p. 103 Helphe, on p. 131 Helphe, but on p. 76 correctly Halphen. And there are other more serious oversights in the text. For example, Edward III. is spoken of as a contemporary of Pope Boniface VIII., and a few pages further on we again have mention of Edward III. as resisting a tax levied by Clement V. Also the proper names are frequently presented in forms unfamiliar to English readers, *e.g.*, the emperor Maximin, Berenger, Adalberon, etc., and on p. 142 Julien Haret for Havet.

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## SHORT NOTICES.

### BIBLICAL.

WE have received the second part of the fifth volume of the *Manuel d'Etudes Biblique*, now being brought out by M. l'Abbé Lusseau, Doct. S. Script., and M. l'Abbé Collomb, Lic. S. Script. (Téqui: 30.00 fr.). The first part was noticed in THE MONTH for May, of this year; later on, we are told, a separate fascicle will be issued with maps and analytical tables which will cover the whole work, and as the first four volumes have not yet begun to appear, we conclude that it will be a long time before the present one can be ready for binding. The first volume will contain a general Introduction: the next two will deal with the Old Testament: the fourth with the Gospels: the fifth deals with the Acts, Epistles and Apocalypse. We frankly refuse to believe that the same two editors can be experts over the whole field of biblical studies, and should prefer a separate one for each volume, all acting in co-operation; though indeed the enormous space given to the *analyse commentée* makes the rest of the volume of necessity somewhat elementary. Nevertheless, many should be helped by reading over these *analyses* with, say, the small French "Crampon" bible. The only more or less serious discussion in the present part is an excursus on the question of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in the Pauline Churches (pp. 153—178), wherein we believe that the conclusions are correct, though perhaps a little oddly put; the *presbyteri* and *episcopi* are the same persons, and simple priests. Timothy and Titus, and some others, on the other hand, have episcopal powers, which are delegated for a time only and recalled at will; it is to them that the section on "the functions of the bishop" apply. We should prefer to call them "apostolic delegates."

### PHILOSOPHICAL.

Students of Indian philosophy will recognize as most valuable a large work in two volumes, *Les Philosophies Indiennes*, by René Grousset

(Desclée, Paris), published a few months ago. The author is a pupil of De La Valle Poussin, to whom he dedicates his work, as being partly due to his master. If we have a fault to find with these two packed and carefully printed volumes, it is with the title itself. They contain not so much a discussion on Indian philosophies as such, but rather an account of the various Sacred Books, as the Indians call them, and the special philosophical outlook of each one of them. But this alone is a most valuable contribution to the study of Indian thought; for here, more than in any other study that we know, the relation of one book to another, historically and philosophically, is drawn out and proved. The author begins with the Upanishad, carries us through Buddhism and Jainism into the Hindu philosophies that followed after, and takes us down to the Vedanta of the seventh century, to which last he gives more than half of one volume. In the course of his discussion, the author analyses, as he inevitably must, that strange mystical foundation of all Indian philosophy which perhaps is best expressed by the Indian note of interrogation regarding creation, and, for the matter of that, non-existence. For two thousand years Indian philosophy has been continually asking questions. It is a philosophy which pushes its researches further than the human mind elsewhere has reached, and concludes with answers which to the western mind seem like contradictions, or, at best, the extremest paradoxes. Western philosophy asks questions that it may answer them; the Indian is content that his questions should remain insoluble; indeed if they are soluble he considers the discussion of them to be no longer philosophy. The Western delights in definitions, in universal aphorisms; the Indian sees in definitions only limitations of thought, in aphorisms only the material for further doubt. He has little use for Aristotle and his logic, he suspects a syllogism; he prefers to lose himself in the universal; even when reading his Sacred Books and when attempting to discuss with him, one seems to recognize in his way of thought something in common with Plato and his predecessors. These are reflections which naturally flow from even a casual study of these two interesting volumes.

#### MORAL THEOLOGY.

**The Principles of Catholic Sex Morality**, by Dr. R. Geis, S.T.D., Director of the Seminary of Freiburg im Breisgau, is translated and edited by Dr. Charles Bruehl, Ph.D., with a brief Preface by the late Father Pruemmer, O.P., and Foreword by the translator (Wagner, New York and Herder, London: 5s.). Every theologian, pastor and preacher should read this admirable treatment of a subject which has had to take, of late, a prominent place in Catholic teaching, as an antidote to the chaotic state at which the world outside the Church has arrived on a matter as delicate as important. The work deals profoundly but in brief space with the ethics of sex as interpreted by the Catholic Church. A valuable chapter on the biological side of sex life serves as a 'fitting Introduction; the chapter on the spiritual side of sex life falls in no way short of the high level of Catholic doctrine. About one third of the book is devoted to the subject of sex-education; a timely chapter in view of the Pope's Encyclical on "The Christian Education of Youth." This small book of Dr. Geis wastes no words in getting to the root principles

of sex ethics. It is constructive and thoroughly philosophical. The non-Catholic is impatient with a philosophy that knocks the bottom out of his ridiculous pretensions of expediency. The patient reader will find here the sure and immovable foundations of the ethics of sex-conduct firmly established.

The Popes in recent times have been assiduous in upholding the standard of Christian morality in the face of a weak-kneed world too ready to abandon them, and in their elaborate Encyclicals have provided abundant matter for commentary and detailed application. The great exposition of the nature and dignity of marriage, for instance, contained in the Encyclical *Casti Connubii* (1930), disposes for ever of the possibility of any reconsideration of the Church's attitude regarding Birth Prevention and provides an infallible theological foundation for the Judgment on Birth Control, in the *Light of History, Biology, Economics, Medicine, Morality and Religion* (Sheed and Ward: 6s.), by R. de Guchteneere, M.D., which is the title of this English translation of his work—*La Limitation des Naissances*—revised, augmented and furnished with references to the appropriate English sources. The Doctor's argument, as the English title suggests, embraces the whole field, and he uses the decisions of morality and religion only to clinch and confirm the conclusions already arrived at from the dictates of reason, science and experience. We warmly welcomed the French edition of the book last October, so need do no more here than renew our recommendation that Catholics should do all they can to spread its influence. The battle of Christian morality and sound reason against human sensuality will be long and arduous, and civilization itself is at stake.

#### SOCIOLOGY.

An aspect of the modern sociological problem is exposed in *La Retour à Jésus*, by Abbé Jacques Leclercq (*Edition de la Cité Chrétienne*: 25.00 fr.). The Abbé calls his volume *Essais de Morale Catholique*, and his point is to show, not anything very new, but, none the less, a fact most important to be remembered, the essential relation between modern problems and the Christianity from which they derive. He reminds us that Christianity is not a name nor a civilization only, but, of its very essence, a religion, a belief. Having done that, he shows how the rejection of any one of the main articles of belief must inevitably mean a shifting of the foundations of civilization itself. Let God go, let Faith go, let the ideal of Christian perfection go, and we must look for new definitions of truth, and of principles which we now take for granted. He warns us against the substitution of material prosperity for perfection of life, against philanthropy for charity, against action for contemplation, and such like; but on the other hand, he warns us no less against separating the supernatural from the natural, and considering that the perfection of the soul can afford to neglect the perfection of life in this world as we find it. Perhaps this last is the main object of the Abbé's book. He would seem to say: "Seek first the kingdom of God and His justice"; it is true; but none the less remember that "the kingdom of God is amongst us."

The Catholic Social Guild has never produced a Year-Book more apt to the occasion than its issue—the twenty-second—for 1931, called *The*

**Future of Capitalism** (1s. n.), by Father Lewis Watt, S.J. For indeed the future of Capitalism hangs in the balance. Will it have the skill and courage to cut out the cancer that infects it—usury—or will it go blindly to destruction through refusing moral guidance? In seven short yet clear chapters Father Watt discusses both disease and remedy and throws light on a subject much darkened by various and contradictory counsels.

#### CANON LAW.

A further addition has been made to the good work already done in elucidating the new "Codex Juris Canonici," by P. Jos. Palombo, C.S.S.R., **De Dimissione Religiosorum** (Marietti: 12.00 l.). With Bk. II., Tit. xvi., of the Code as his basis, the author gives a scientific analysis and exposition of both the theory and the practice of the Church's legislation to-day for the dismissal of a Religious from his or her Order or Congregation. The days are gone when an erring or recalcitrant subject was given leisure to repent and reform in the monastic prison; the Church has devised more effective and more humane methods of preserving a high standard in Religious Life and discipline. The causes of dismissal, the procedure to be followed and the effects of dismissal are set down fully and clearly in this book. The old and present-day Canonists, documents of the Roman Congregations and responses of the Pontifical Commission for the interpretation of the Code are invoked, where necessary, to emphasize the exact meaning of the Canons. Where points are still open to controversy, the learned author states his own view with moderation, always quoting his authorities. This is an important book for Religious Superiors and for the student of Canon Law.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL.

Mr. G. C. Heseltine is a writer of many interests. Recently he gave us an edition of the works of Richard Rolle; now he provides a convenient biographical dictionary of **The English Cardinals**, with some account of those of other English-speaking Countries (B.O. and W.: 5s.). In all, there are sixty short biographies, tracing the "thin red line" from 1148 to our own time, and proving in a new way the continuity of the Catholic Church in England and the Commonwealth. Short as many of the lives must necessarily be in a volume of 200 pages, the author has provided a most useful book of reference.

We are not surprised that Mr. Algar Thorold, our expert translator of mystical works, should have selected for translation Abbé Hoornaert's "L'Ame Ardente de Saint Jean de la Croix." This he has produced under the title, **The Burning Soul of St. John of the Cross** (B.O. and W.: 3s.). When reviewing the original we called attention to the vivid light this little volume throws on the whole mentality of St. John; especially on that combination of the poet and the mystic, which makes nothing at all of whatever lies between itself and its goal. Incidentally this study may supply an answer to a criticism made by Mr. Montgomery Carmichael in a recent number of the *Dublin Review*.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

Whether François Malaval was a Quietist or not, there is little danger in our own time of anyone being misled by his *Pratique Facile*. This

volume has now been translated by Lucy Menzies, with an Introduction by Evelyn Underhill, under the title of **A Simple Method of Raising the Soul to Contemplation** (Dent: 7s. 6d. n.). Malaval was blind from his infancy, nevertheless by careful training he became a scholar and a theologian. His blindness led him almost naturally to a life of prayer and contemplation, even though his keenness for learning put him in touch with the brightest minds of his time. He was born in 1627. Miss Underhill tells us the story of this book, of its great popularity, its approval by scholars and ecclesiastics and finally its condemnation under the influence of Bossuet. She inclines to think that this condemnation was somewhat premature, and, judging after this distance of time, perhaps we may say with confidence that there is little in Malaval, if anything, which does not bear an orthodox interpretation. We must remember the bitter controversy of the time, we must remember, too, how certainly wrong were many of the mystic writers of that day, and of the undoubtedly evil influence they were exerting, more in Religious Houses than out in the world. No wonder, therefore, that Bossuet, whose teaching on Prayer none will despise, was anxious about the false mysticism which was doing so much harm, and prone, on that account, to see danger even where there was none. There is many a sentence in Malaval which taken out of its context, or without consideration of other passages, might lead to misinterpretation and to that "negative" prayer which we in our own time know to be so fascinating and yet so dangerous. Still, we feel that the modern reader will find much to help him in his efforts after contemplation in this book, taken as a whole. After all, the lesson of the author is the one great lesson that all teachers of true prayer impart. Prayer is a gift of God, but it is one for which the soul must work to prepare, so as to persuade the Giver to bestow it. The adept finally prays as if all depended upon himself, but he knows all the time that all depends upon God. Keeping this in mind, it seems to us that Malaval is a safe and solid guide enough.

Father Robert Eaton has a manner of writing which continually takes his readers by surprise. He chooses familiar subjects, gives them familiar headings, makes us think he is going to treat them in an old familiar way, and as soon as we begin to read we find he has both thoughts and method all his own. He has a beautiful and simple mind; with the result that he sees very clearly, writes with dignity, and leaves the reader satisfied with the possession of something new. There is in him an echo both of St. Philip and of Newman. These impressions are renewed when we take up his latest book, **The Sword of the Spirit, Chapters on the Spiritual Life** (Sands: 3s. 6d.). It contains twenty-two essays, all of them spontaneous utterances, among which it is difficult to say which should have preference. Perhaps we were most struck with: "God's Love of Confession," "Sincerity the Secret of Spiritual Advancement," and "Truth the Strength of Charity." These titles will at all events give some idea of the contents of this admirable book for spiritual reading.

The theme of Father R. Steuart's new volume of devotional essays—**Temples of Eternity** (Longmans: 5s. n.)—is the nature of the privileges and duties that belong to us as members of Christ's Mystical Body, the unique powers and graces which are the result of that wonderful



incorporation. In a series of short papers, different aspects of the relations between God and the soul are discussed with a depth of insight and a felicity of language that both delight and edify. If we gain a clearer perception of the immense dignity of a soul in grace and the spiritual riches that may be ours for the asking, we learn at the same time how greatly we may misuse our opportunities and how much we stand to lose by ignorance and misconception of our real status. One can imagine these essays changing the whole current of many a life which was stagnating or going astray, simply for want of understanding of what is implied by creature-hood and redemption, what the process is of "putting on Christ," so as to prolong on earth the work He left us to do "for the building up of his body." No spirituality is secure which is not based on certain knowledge and freed from danger of illusion. Father Steuart, equipped with the resources of Catholic tradition, sets forth clearly God's nature and claims, which in their fullness are so incomprehensible to us, and then shows how to keep our limited minds from despairing of union with Him or going astray in the quest for union. Christ has come to interpret God to us human-wise,—*"He that seeth Me, seeth the Father."* From this revelation grace, prayer, asceticism, charity, get all their meaning. Various aspects of our incorporation in Christ are treated in a score or so of papers, none more than half a dozen pages long, but all full of enlightenment and inspiration. Two small points: on page 5 the phrase "His human personality" might be misunderstood, and on page 123 the apocryphal saying of Tertullian—*credo quia impossibile*—is quoted as if it were genuine.

*God's Minutemen* (Bruce Publishing Co.: \$1.35), by Father J. E. Moffatt, S.J., is more clearly described by its sub-title—"Simple Reflections on Christian Devotedness." It embodies, in a series of eloquent chapters, the ideals of the Church militant, and sets forth a standard whereby the Soldier of Christ may test and measure his knowledge of duty and his fidelity. The stirring exhortations are diversified by many apposite stories and "modern instances." An excellent book for retreat-reading or, indeed, at any time.

#### MUSICAL.

A quarter of a century ago Sir Richard Terry wrote a book, of great value to choirmasters, entitled "Catholic Church Music." It has long been out of print. He has now practically re-written this work and brought it out under the title of *The Music of the Roman Rite* (B.O. and W.: 10s. 6d.). The book is intended to be a practical guide in all that concerns the difficult task of a Catholic choirmaster. Sir Richard speaks with no uncertain voice on the many thorny problems which beset the path of a Catholic musician, but, with all the authority which comes of ripe experience,—experience gained in those brilliant years at Westminster Cathedral, when his was a "voice of one crying in the wilderness" against the prevailing abuses. To-day in his retirement from Church work, when no one can accuse him of having an axe to grind, his words carry additional weight. English-speaking Catholics may well be grateful to Sir Richard for putting at their disposal the results of his unique experience and wide knowledge of Church music. His writing is always temperate and eminently sane,—two qualities

frequently absent from the discussion of Church music. He will have no truck with extremists of whatever camp. Nor is he anxious to be more Roman than Rome itself. But, taking his stand upon the positive legislation of the Church he champions no one school to the exclusion of others, but gives to each its fitting and rightful place in the liturgy of the Church. The first six chapters dealing with these matters fairly bristle with illuminating principles. Even, if we hesitate to accept whole-heartedly his contention that the Viennese Masses owe their origin to Protestantism, we have perforce to admit his conclusion as to their unfitness for Church use. If young choirmasters, when in doubt, would apply the touchstone of the few simple questions which Sir Richard sets out on page 56, there would be fewer fads "in quires and places where they sing," and a little more of that "sweet reasonableness" the absence of which he so deeply deplors. On the practical side of forming and training a choir, the author is no less illuminating. The contentious subject of voice-production is handled with considerable skill, although we wonder whether advocacy of the "Koo attack" is to good purpose. One by one the various "snags" which confront a choirmaster in the routine of his work are dealt with briefly but with admirable clearness. Indeed, Sir Richard has succeeded in making that work as nearly fool-proof as is humanly possible. What to do, how to do, with lists of the right music to choose from and liturgical directions for the various Offices that occur, all this he has compressed within the covers of a 300 page book. No choirmaster should be without it. The admirable summary of past and present legislation on Church music makes a fitting and useful ending of this work of outstanding merit.

## FICTION.

Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne have included in their shilling library one of the best of the late Father Bearn's tales of boy life—**Francis Apricot**. At the price it should figure largely on prize-lists for it is a veritable bargain.

From the active pen of Mr. Francis W. Grey, D.Litt., come an historical drama, a mystery-play, a "morality" and a "masque" in three volumes, published by H. C. Miller, Ottawa. They are copyrighted and we are instructed to apply for "terms" (which presumably include acting-fees) to Citizen House, Bath, England. Schools in search of "pieces" for speech-days, etc., will be glad to know of these playlets. The historical one is called **Bishop and King** and deals with the trial and martyrdom under Charles II. of Blessed Oliver Plunket; the matter is dramatic in the extreme, and Mr. Grey has made the most of it. **Love's Pilgrimage**, the "mystery," introduces the Magi, the Massacre of the Innocents and Calvary. The treatment is skilful both in its selections and additions, the language steeped in the imagery of the Bible, and the whole is well adapted for representation in Passiontide. The title of the "morality" is **The Bridegroom Cometh** and it forms an elaboration of the Parable of the Virgins; finally the Epiphany "masque," **The Valiant Woman**, bound in the same volume as the previous, represents in a number of tableaux and dialogues the famous heroines of the old Dispensation. Mr. Grey shows competent dramatic

sense in his manipulation of the Bible narrative, and we feel sure that, adequately acted and staged, his plays will both delight and edify.

A short sacred play called *St. Elizabeth's Leper* (B.O. & W.: 6d.) is founded by Miss E. R. Spurr on the well-known incident in the life of the Saint when her charity was rewarded by a miracle and the conversion of her husband.

Mrs. George Norman's new novel—*The King's Mountain* (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d. n.), is a leisurely study of a modern young woman's adventures in love, told, needless to say, without the modern lack of reticence and sympathy with libertinism. It abounds in beautiful descriptions, for the author is skilful in creating "atmosphere," whether physical or moral. And the characters, even the minor ones, are clearly and consistently sketched. How the heroine, in spite of her first lapse from virtue, is schooled by penury and rewarded for her generosity towards her sister by the gifts of faith and of love, is convincingly told. A sketch of the *clientèle* of a convent-hostel seems to be drawn, but somewhat maliciously, from the life.

Miss Doreen Smith is always readable, and her latest novel, *Lonely Traveller* (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d.), brings together a large number of cleverly-drawn characters, from which contact fly many scintillations of humour. Much wholesome counsel regarding the conduct of life and its true values is unobtrusively administered, but we find even in the best characters a curious lack of Christian charity: the opportunity of making a cruel though witty criticism of the neighbour's mental or physical defects, not to mention morals, is seldom missed by any of her personages. It may be unhappily true to life but it is not artistic. In other ways, also, the Catholic spirit of the hero, whose lonely journey ends triumphantly with the Parkminster Carthusians, is not convincingly portrayed. His indecision and lack of zeal after his conversion and supposed vocation allow him to fall in love with a girl whom yet he feels he ought not to marry. This cowardice does not prepare one for the heroism of his final choice. However, the book stands for the highest ideals, in regard to both human and Divine love, and it should be warmly welcomed by amateurs of good literature,—good in both senses. A cleverly drawn dust-cover adds to its attractions.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Two small but valued friends published by B.O. and W. are before us for 1932—*The Catholic Diary*, now in its 24th year of issue—and *The Catholic Almanack*. The latter (price 2d.), retains its well-known features and sets forth its mine of information both clearly and concisely. In this respect the "Diary" could with advantage copy its small neighbour, for admirable as it is it would be more so if the indication of days of Obligation, Fast and Abstinence were made as clear as in the "Almanack." These important facts are apt to be overlooked in the strain and rush of modern life. In other respects the "Diary" has our entire admiration, a full page is given to each day and extracts from an excellent selection of spiritual writers figure on each page. The price, we are glad to see, is reduced to 1s. and 2s. 6d. (cloth), which should increase the circulation of the useful little book.

A series of thoughts on the Nativity, drawn out for meditation from

the Gospel narrative has been published by Father Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., under the title *Christmas* (America Press: 30 c.). The more we "ponder these things in our heart" as did the Mother of Christ the more real becomes the eternal significance of Redemption and the more eager should we be to secure it.

Father Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R., has published through the C.T.S. a very timely account of *The Council of Ephesus*, the fifteenth centenary of which is being celebrated this month. Other new pamphlets are *On the Economic Crisis, Unemployment and Increase of Armaments*, the recent outspoken appeal by the Holy Father for vigorous action against these social and political evils; *Saints' Names for Girls*, by N. H. Romanes, a useful compilation giving a brief account of holy patrons and also pointing out what names have no Saint to bear them; *Blessed David Lewis*, the story of the life and martyrdom of one of Oates's victims very beautifully told by Miss Rose Hodges.

The C.T.S. of Ireland send two new pamphlets *Paying our Lawful Debts*, by the Rev. D. Barry, a treatise with which every creditor would like to provide his debtors; and *Blessed Ramon Lull: Missionary, Mystic, Martyr*, a fascinating account of a wonderful Spanish Franciscan.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

## AMERICA PRESS, New York.

*Christmas*. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Pp. 88. Price, 30 c. *The Catholic Mind*. Vol. XXIX. Nos. 21—22. Price, 5 c. each.

## BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

*Une Petite-Sœur Missionnaire*. By Sa Sœur Benedictine. Pp. xiv. 259. Price, 10.00 fr. *Saint Bernard*. F. J. Thonnard, A.A. Pp. 104. Price, 1.50 fr. *Ma Visite à Thérèse Neumann*. By Lars Eskeland. Pp. 128. Price, 1.50 fr. *Mes Souvenirs*. By Père Marie-Antoine, O.Cap. Pp. 80. Price, 1.50 fr. *Les Papes à Travers les Ages*. E. Lacoste. Pp. 128. Price, 5.00 fr.

## BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Wisconsin.

*Masses for the Dead*. By Rev. John P. Bolen. Pp. 170. Price, \$1.00.

## BURNS, OATES &amp; WASHBOURNE, London.

*The Catholic Diary for 1932*. Price, 1s. *The Catholic Almanack for*

1932. Pp. 64. Price, 2d. *The Franciscans*. By Alexandre Masseron. Translated by Warre B. Wells. Pp. 233. Price, 5s. *Saint Augustine*. By Heinrich H. Lesaar. Translated by T. Pope Arkell. Pp. xiii. 280. Price, 6s. *Bread from Heaven*. By Mother Clare Fey. Pp. 148. Price, 3s. 6d. *Evolution and Theology*. By Rev. E. C. Messenger. Pp. xxvi. 313. Price, 12s. 6d. *Talks to Boys and Girls*. By Rev. W. Herbst, S.D.S. Pp. ix. 206. Price, 3s. 6d. *Through the East to Rome*. By Rev. G. J. MacGillivray, M.A. Pp. v. 263. Price, 6s. *The Third Spiritual Alphabet*. By Fray F. de Osuna. Pp. xxvi. 490. Price, 10. 6d. *Lonely Traveller*. By Doreen Smith. Pp. 350. Price, 7s. 6d. *Ecclesiastical Greek for Beginners*. By J. E. Lowe, M.A. Pp. xii. 148. Price, 5s.

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Oxford.

*On Safeguarding the Faith of the Young*. By J. P. Murphy, D.D. Price, 2d.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,  
Washington, D.C.

*The Catholic Church on the Northern Indiana Frontier, 1789—1844.* By Rev. W. McNamara, C.S.C. Pp. 84. *The Life and Times of the Hon. and Rev. Alexander MacDonell, D.D., First Bishop of Upper Canada, 1762—1840.* By J. J. Somers. Pp. ix. 232. *Sister Louise, Foundress of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur.* By Sister Helen L. Nugent. Pp. ix. 352.

C.T.S., London.

*Several Twopenny Pamphlets and Reprints.*

C.T.S. OF IRELAND, Dublin.

*Several Twopenny Pamphlets.*

COUNTRY LIFE LTD., London.

*Offerings to Friends.* By A. de Navarro. Pp. xi. 254. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

DESCLEE, Paris.

*Les Hommes Salamandres.* By Oliver Leroy. Pp. 96. Price, 7.00 fr. *Etudes Carmelitaines Mystiques et Missionnaires.* Various authors. Pp. 252.

GABALDA, Paris.

*Origène.* By l'Abbé G. Bardy. Pp. 312. Price, 20.00 fr. *Les Sacrements.* By A. Villien. Pp. 450. Price, 27.00 fr. *Le Judaïsme Avant Jesus-Christ.* By Le P. M-J Lagrange. Pp. 624. Price, 100.00 fr.

HEATH CRANTON, London.

*Around Broom Lane.* By Mrs. William O'Brien. Pp. 144. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

HUNTER-ROSS Co., Toronto.

*Spain and her Daughters.* By Thoman O'Hagan. Pp. xiv. 123. Price, \$2.00.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

*Petite Prédéstinée.* By Miriam de G. . . Pp. 80. Price, 7.00 fr. *Grandes Figures de Précheurs.* By R. P. J. Rambaud, O.P. Pp. 192. Price, 12.00 fr.

LONGMANS, London.

*Palestine.* 2 Vols. Illustrated. By Frank Scholten. Pp. xxxviii. 203; xxv. 169. Price complete, 84s. *The Long Christmas Dinner.* By Thornton Wilder. Pp. 135. Price, 6s. n. *Dartmoor Snapshots.* By Beatrice Chase. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

METHUEN, London.

*A History of England.* Vol. IV. By Hilaire Belloc. Pp. xii. 457. Price, 15s.

NATIONAL LABORATORY OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, London.

*Bulletin of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research.* By Harry Price. Illustrated. Pp. 116. Price, 5s.

PEAR TREE PRESS, Bognor Regis.

*Chance.* By G. H. Murphy. Pp. 20. Price, 7s. 6d.

REVUE D'HISTOIRE ECCLESIASTIQUE, Louvain.

*De Scriptoribus Scholasticis Sæculi XIV. ex Ordine Carmelitarum.* By Fr. B. M. Xiberta, O.Carm. Pp. 510. Price, 16 belg.

SNEED & WARD, London.

*Isabella of Spain.* By W. T. Walsh. Pp. 644. Price, 15s. n. *The Necessity of Politics.* By Carl Schmitt. Pp. 90. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Russian Revolution.* By Nicholas Berdyaev. Pp. 95. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Drift of Democracy.* By M. de la Bedoyère. Pp. 79. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Life of Lady Lucy Knatchbull.* By Sir Tobie Matthew. Pp. xxvii. 221. Price, 6s. n. *The Bow in the Clouds.* By E. I. Watkin. Pp. xiv. 152. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

S.P.C.K., London.

*The Story of Tobit.* By T. W. Crafer, D.D. Pp. 32. Price, 1s. n. *The Summoning of Everyman.* Illustrated. By F. A. Hibbert. Pp. 64. Price, 2s. n. *The Patriarch.* By Anna de Bary. Pp. 64. Price, 1s. 6d. n. *Jephthah's Daughter.* By Anna de Bary. Pp. 63. Price, 1s. 6d. n.

